

NYPL RESEARCH LIBRARIES



3 3433 08254548 8

COLN ATKINSON
WIS SLATTERY



Presented by
Charles Howland Russell
to the
New York Public Library

19 Mar 24

EDWARD LINCOLN ATKINSON

By the Same Author

FELIX REVILLE BRUNOT

1820-1898

A CIVILIAN IN THE WAR FOR THE UNION
PRESIDENT OF THE FIRST BOARD
OF INDIAN COMMISSIONERS

WITH PORTRAITS AND ILLUSTRATIONS AND A
MAP. *Crown octavo.*

LONGMANS, GREEN, AND CO.
NEW YORK, LONDON AND BOMBAY

EDWARD LINCOLN ATKINSON

1865-1902

BY

CHARLES LEWIS SLATTERY

DEAN OF THE CATHEDRAL IN FARIBAULT



LONGMANS, GREEN, AND CO.

91 AND 93 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK

LONDON AND BOMBAY

1904

THE NEW YORK
PUBLIC LIBRARY

EDWARD R. HOPKINS
ACTOR, ENCYCLOPEDIA
MICHIGAN LIBRARY

Copyright, 1904, by
CHARLES LEWIS SLATTERY

P R E F A C E

TWO of Mr. Atkinson's superiors, both in years and in office, suggested the writing of this book. They found in his friendship such dash and charm, such power and help, that they wished more people to know him; they believed, too, that he had methods of work worthy of record.

Many who knew and loved the man have come to my aid. Did I not know that they prefer less public recognition, I should say over their names. They know that I thank them, and they will see for themselves how much the book owes to their kindness.

Mr. Atkinson loved frankness; therefore the book discloses, so far as his friends knew it, his inner life. But we shall all agree that the best has not been told.

C. L. S.

FARIBAULT, MINNESOTA,

12 October, 1903.

Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2007 with funding from
Microsoft Corporation

CONTENTS

| CHAPTER | PAGE |
|--|------|
| I. A NEW ENGLAND BOYHOOD | 1 |
| II. A HARVARD STUDENT | 13 |
| III. A STUDENT OF THEOLOGY | 23 |
| IV. TWO YEARS IN SPRINGFIELD | 45 |
| V. THE FIRST YEAR IN BOSTON | 62 |
| VI. THE SECOND YEAR IN BOSTON | 74 |
| VII. THE THIRD YEAR IN BOSTON | 93 |
| VIII. THE FOURTH YEAR IN BOSTON | 105 |
| IX. THE FIFTH YEAR IN BOSTON | 127 |
| X. THICK DARKNESS | 141 |
| XI. THE LAST YEAR IN BOSTON | 153 |
| XII. THE YEAR IN NEW YORK | 170 |
| XIII. DEVERSORIUM VIATORIS HIEROSOLYMA PRO- FICISCENTIS | 191 |

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS

| | TO FACE PAGE |
|---|--------------|
| MR. ATKINSON AND THREE BOYS | 58 |
| ON THE CHARLES | 58 |
| DOORWAY OF THE CHURCH OF THE ASCENSION, BOSTON | 72 |
| CLIFTON PLACE, BOSTON | 88 |
| A CORNER OF THE STUDY | 88 |
| EDWARD LINCOLN ATKINSON IN 1897. FROM A SIL- HOUETTE | 118 |
| THE CHURCH OF THE EPIPHANY, NEW YORK . . . | 172 |

CHAPTER I

A NEW ENGLAND BOYHOOD

AMONG the early settlers in Boston was an Englishman from Bury, named Theodore Atkinson. His son John was born in Boston in 1636, but, upon reaching years of discretion, he removed to Newbury. John's grandson Humphrey was married to Sarah Hale, a sister of the chivalrous Nathan, and thereupon removed to Buxton, in Maine. Humphrey's grandson Samuel carried the fortunes of the family to Eaton, in New Hampshire, where, in 1825, a son was born to him, and named George. George Atkinson removed to Brookline, in Massachusetts, where he married Eliza Allen. After the birth of their eldest son they made their home in Reading, just north of Boston, and there, May 23, 1865, were born to George and Eliza Atkinson twins, who received the names of Fred and Edward. Because it was a time when a

grateful country was mindful of the sacrifice of the President of the Great War, Lincoln was added to the name Edward.

Edward Lincoln Atkinson was, therefore, of the ninth generation of the Atkinsons in America. He was fond of recalling that his ancestors, though never living in large places, had always counted for something in the lives of their neighbors; they did their share in the Indian wars and in the Revolution, and everywhere people depended upon their integrity and their help.

At the age of five the twins entered the public schools of Reading. They were inseparable companions, so much so that the townspeople gave them one name, Fred-Nedder. Even the family could not separate their interests; for, at Christmas, gifts came to them, not as individuals but as twins. All their possessions were joyfully held in common. In temperament the boys were quite different, thus supplementing each other: Fred inherited his father's firmness and decision; Ned, his mother's quickness, imagination and sympathy. Fred was the conservative, Ned the radical, and even as children each appreciated and

admired the other's qualities. Their eldest brother was eight when they were born; and the two younger brothers came into the world, one when the twins had reached their fourth year, the other in their sixth year. The parents felt that they had been too lenient with their first-born, so they determined to bring up the twins rigorously; but, when the two youngest came, the family discipline was again relaxed. Thus, of all the brothers, the twins alone were not sent to dancing-school. They always protested that their lot had therefore been a hard one; but the wholesome discipline evidently made way for a thoroughly delightful boyhood. "I was one of five brothers," Edward once remarked, "all talkers, and they used to say that I could talk faster than any of them."

Very early in life the twins decided to make collections of all the interesting things they could lay hands on. They discussed it, agreed about it, shook hands solemnly over it, and pledged themselves never to let a day pass without adding something to their museum. Their mother encouraged their enterprise by giving them the attic. There the eager visitor,

fortunate enough to be admitted, found a carefully tabulated array of stamps, coins, woods, minerals, eggs, butterflies, orchids and ferns. Later they earned and saved money to buy books, and in their High School days they had a laboratory in this same attic for chemical experiments, whereby the house was thrice put into a blaze.

In Brookline Mr. and Mrs. Atkinson had been worshippers in St. Paul's Church, but on coming to Reading they identified themselves with the ancient parish of the town, which was Congregational; since, even had they cared for it, there was no Episcopal Church in Reading. The twins were expected always to be at church, and were librarians of the Sunday-school. The parson was an excellent man, but very dry. Often they would be sent to church alone, when, instead of going to the family pew, they would go to the gallery, or even, should the weather be fine, sit jovially on a tombstone in the churchyard hard by. But Fred-Nedder were too well known, and they were invariably reported.

In spite of the rigorous programme mapped out for their early career, the twins were al-

lowed often to go to the plays at the Boston Museum, because good New England people of that day did not deem the Museum a "theatre." This, doubtless, with their varied reading, served to cultivate their native imagination. One can fancy how, before the play, they would prowl among the dusty wax figures on the upper floor, doubtless marvelling that they had escaped the fate of the grim little Siamese twins. With other boys, they were fond of acting out Indian and other stories in the woods, and Ned was preëminent in the invention of thrilling scenes. Nor was he altogether guileless. One day Freddie discovered some pink mice in a granary, whereupon Neddie devised the plan of dropping the little fellows into the delivery box at the post-office. Thereafter for some time he was known in Reading as "Mousie." Next to his father's store was an apothecary shop. The cellars beneath joined, and in their investigations one day the twins discovered a pile of brilliant almanacs; these they confiscated and distributed, despite their ancient date, at every front door in town. It was jolly to watch the aged citizen study the weather prophecies over his

spectacles, and then to witness his disgust when the date was discovered.

To the end of his life Edward never lost this whimsical humor. No book of his busiest years delighted him so much as Kenneth Grahame's "Golden Age"; he read and re-read it. If to others it seemed exaggerated, to him it was natural. "There," he would say, "notice Harold! Haven't I experienced the agony of being requested to be a dragon when I was already deep in the rôle of a Boston swell! Then the beguiling appeals—the suggestion that the dragon might be scaly, with red eyes and a curly tail—and breathing real smoke and fire! Oh, I understand it all!"

In the High School, which the twins entered at thirteen, Ned's tastes developed quickly for English literature. His mother's fondness for good books and her ability to write verses had, no doubt, much to do with this; and in the school itself a Miss Stinchfield, who taught literature and history, imparted to him her own admirable enthusiasm. "Westward Ho!" was a favorite; and especially "Les Misérables," which fired the brothers' ambition to read all of Victor Hugo—a feat accomplished in their

High School days. They also bought and read through Chambers's *Encyclopædia of Literature*. Three large volumes of the British Poets—acquired for their library—they also read from beginning to end. And, in common with all American school children, they were fond of Longfellow and Whittier. Lamb's "Essays" appealed especially to Edward, and had a distinct influence upon his personality. Macaulay followed, and later the other essayists. His classmates still remember the originality and color of his youthful compositions, and confess that they always listened with peculiar interest when his themes were read. There was the union of daring, directness and humor that characterized his later speech.

In 1882 the two brothers graduated from the Reading High School and entered the Normal School at Bridgewater. Neither of them had any intention of becoming a teacher. They simply wished to go away to school, and they happened to know one of the Bridgewater teachers. It was a rather sombre place; and the twins' room, attractively furnished, became the centre of the hall life, in spite of their being newcomers. Finding the course easy,

they used their superfluous time in playing practical jokes on the staid and serious students about them. These pranks were harmless enough; consisting chiefly of putting several pints of beans in odd corners of Mr. Bean's room, and a large quantity of peas in Mr. Pease's room. The principal, good and somewhat provincial, was scandalized by this unseemly gayety in his solemn institution, and virtually expelled the twins at the end of their first year. They were quite ready to go, but their old teacher pleaded their cause, and the fall of 1883 found them back at the Bridgewater Normal School, where they remained till they had finished their four years' course.

It was during the Bridgewater days that Edward went through the storm and stress period of his religious life. Among the students was a man five years older than Edward, who had done much liberal reading; and, since he was partially an invalid, this reading had made him negative and pessimistic. His influence was strong with Edward, who was thus driven dangerously near atheism. There was also a feeling of revulsion against the Congregational Church as he saw it in Bridgewater. The

school was a State School, but since the principal was a Congregationalist, many of the students went to the Congregational Church to gain favor with the authorities. There were weekly prayer meetings at the school, which Edward would not attend, because he felt the cant of some who led them. Added to this insincerity here and there among the students was the fierce hardness of the interpretations of life and duty as the Congregational pulpit of that day in Bridgewater understood them. Naturally, therefore, the more independent students fled to other pastures. Edward began in his second year to go to the Episcopal Church. The dignity of the liturgical service, the reverence and simplicity of the preacher—whom he liked—the orderly beauty of the building, all appealed to him. His old faith came back, and with it a fervor of religious emotion which, for the time being, he held back, because he was afraid of cant. He went to these services more and more regularly till, in the last year, he did not miss a Sunday at Trinity Church. Toward the end of the course he even consented to go to the school prayer meetings, though he would not lead them.

The shock his sensitive nature had received from insincere religion, used for policy, was severe enough to require some time for recovery.

It was in these Bridgewater days that romance entered his life. For some time his admiration and affection had been going out to a good and noble woman somewhat older than himself. With her maturer judgment, though fond of him, she knew instinctively that they were not suited for each other. For he was whimsical and poetical, and she was absolutely matter-of-fact. So when he proposed, she let him pass very gently, by suggesting that she would give him a year to think it over, and if he proposed again after that time, she would consider the proposal. He was gloomy, naturally, for a time; but soon he was laughing to himself, because he saw clearly at last that the Lord never meant him to marry any one who could ask him to "think it over."

He did not have enough to do at Bridgewater, so that two or three times each year he was profoundly depressed. He was always rather frail, and he had some stern battles with

temptations which required all his strength of will; but his victory was quick and decisive. Possibly he might have spent four years to better advantage; but certainly the Bridgewater days were not wasted. His enthusiasm for history and English literature increased. Macaulay, Addison and Taine were especially delightful to him. And he often gratefully told how Bridgewater taught him the topical method. He made hundreds of syllabi, dissecting subjects and putting facts in logical order. It brought out in him his gift as a teacher. Everything he learned he knew how to impart. "To be sure," he would say, "we analyzed a thing about to death—but we made it clear and logical."

Intellectually he had won the Valedictory, but the principal, not liking his unconventional ways, passed the honor over to his brother, who protested that the honor was not his and he did not desire it. But Edward was content; and, to make peace, his brother assumed the rôle. It was not a serious matter to either; for they were men now, having just attained their majority, and they were dreaming how they could go to Harvard College.

Genuine obstacles barred their path, and on these their attention was chiefly bent.

Being men, they put away childish things—among others their elaborate collections in the Reading garret. These they bestowed with some ceremony upon their younger brothers, who promptly sold them!

CHAPTER II

A HARVARD STUDENT

FOR some time Fred and Edward Atkinson had been looking toward Harvard College. The family at home were opposed to their dream, because some Reading boys had recently turned out badly at Harvard. Nevertheless, the twins bided their time and sought to earn a little money. Hitherto, during Saturdays and vacations, they had taken turns keeping their father's books, and they both valued the knowledge of business thus acquired. But they were equipped for teaching, and Edward gave his name to an agency forthwith, and shortly was elected principal of the High and Grammar School at Shirley. Since the appointment did not come directly through the agency, the family at home, sitting as it were in conclave, decided that no fee was due; but Edward, with a scrupulous anxiety to be fair,

even to a fault, paid the fee in full. And the agency took it.

He served the school at Shirley until Christmas. It was a mixed school, and he taught seven or eight branches. At once the children felt the impulse of his ingenious and lively methods. In January he entered upon a larger work as principal of the Franklin Grammar School at East Weymouth, where he had under him between three and four hundred children. The same versatility as at Shirley was conspicuous here, with excellent discipline and a peculiar knack for reaching boys. He made much of field day; and, though nothing of an athlete himself, fired the enthusiasm of the contestants. He was a revelation to many of these boys, and they never forgot him. They admired him as a teacher, then they loved him.

The school committee made every effort to retain him, but his face was set toward Harvard. His mother had held up before him the ideal of the ministry, but never until this year at East Weymouth did he take her ambition seriously. He was walking down the street one day with a friend, when the friend pointed to a

man across the road and said, "That's Mr. — ; his boy is in your school." "Is he?" said Atkinson, and darted across the street. He explained to the astonished and pleased father who he was and how much he thought of his boy. When he came back his friend exclaimed, "You ought to be a clergyman: that's the way clergymen behave." He confessed long afterward that it was the first real intimation that he was intended for the ministry of the Church.

In the course of the summer of 1887 Fred announced to the family—for the Atkinson family always sat in council upon important matters—that he must go to Harvard. Edward, thinking the way for his brother could be made easier, said that he would give up going. But, when the prejudices of the parents were so far allayed as to consent, it was decided that the beloved Edward must go with his brother. In the fall of 1887 they were enrolled as special students in the Lawrence Scientific School, but in the fall of 1889 they were enrolled as Seniors in Harvard College. They therefore completed the four years' course in three years.

Edward aimed in choosing his Harvard courses to divide them equally between those in which he was strong and those in which he was weak. For this reason he took a good deal of science, for which he had been well drilled. Among his papers is still a laboratory note-book of a course in biology. Professor Farlow declared at the time that it was the best laboratory note-book ever submitted at the end of a Harvard course. One can well believe it from a glance at its keenly accurate original drawings and from reading a page or so of the concise and illuminating comment.

Professor Briggs, both as teacher and as man, won his affectionate admiration. These were days when Mr. Briggs conducted his justly famous courses in English composition ; reading and criticising the themes of many men with a rare thoroughness, and in his public lectures and criticism at once entertaining and edifying his huge classes. Professor Royce, in Philosophy, and Professor Charles Eliot Norton, in the Fine Arts, also won his enthusiastic devotion. The thoroughness and candor of the philosophy taught at Harvard perceptibly deepened his religious sense, giving

him a reverence and love of the truth at any cost. And the growth of the world's idea of the beautiful as developed in Mr. Norton's lectures on Architecture quickened his taste and judgment. But perhaps the man in Harvard who most impressed him was Professor William James. He was profoundly moved by his teaching. He was fond of telling how one day Mr. James was going forward in a brilliant demonstration in psychology, illustrating his points, so far as he could, on the blackboard, when suddenly he stopped and confessed that he understood no more. A lesser man would have smoothed over the end and left his pupils in the haze. The absolute frankness, gentleness and candor of this man won Atkinson, heart and soul. The last summer in college he was a tutor of Mr. James's young sons at Chocorua; then the admiration and love of the whole James family went out to Atkinson. "This summer," writes Mr. James, "I passed in Europe. On my return, I found that both my wife and the boys, of whom the younger was then only five years old, idolized him. The boys followed him about wherever he went, and the picture most

vividly imprinted on my mind, of that week, is that of Atkinson lying on the grass before the house with the two boys sitting on his stomach." It was during this summer that his long and deep friendship began with Edward Holton James, Professor James's nephew, who recalls that of a Sunday he would steal away to the little Episcopal church in a neighboring village. But his mind was not yet decided on a vocation, for he talked with Mrs. James about becoming a physician: it seemed to him a great way to help people.

Of what in college is called social life in the technical sense he had nothing. None of the great clubs knew of his existence. Coming from no great preparatory school, having no friends among the older undergraduates, there was no way of letting the college world know of what a unique stamp he was. But he drew to him individuals, by his unconscious charm, and held them forever as friends. Buoyant or depressed, as the great games went; a quick-witted student; a famous man for taking lecture notes and generous in lending them at examination times; more or less of a wag, but passing easily to the serious and the intense;

ready to go with a friend to Boston for a play or a concert ; and enthusiastic all the time—he made the life and delight of any circle of which he was a part.

When the brothers first came to Cambridge, they went for a few Sunday mornings to one of the Congregational churches, but finding the preacher, as they said, "too teary," they went more and more frequently to St. John's Chapel. After his brother was engaged and spent his Sundays several towns away from Cambridge, Edward went regularly to St. John's. It was more and more evident that his heart was fixed. Sunday evenings he was wont to go to the college chapel, especially if the preacher was one who attracted him. Here he came under the spell of Phillips Brooks, who was in residence for six weeks each of the years Edward was in college ; and at the preacher's study in Wadsworth House he called upon him. What they talked about no one living knows ; but, whatever it was, it made its mark upon Atkinson's life.

The first week in February, 1890, the brothers were summoned home, because their mother, now for many years an invalid,

seemed to be fading away. Edward, among the sons, had with the vigor of a man the gentleness of a woman. It was natural then that, when the end came on the twelfth of February, she was resting in Edward's arms. The twenty-ninth day of April—within three months—the devoted husband followed his wife: it was simply the story of a broken heart. Before he died he made Edward the executor of his estate and guardian for his two younger sons. For three years Edward had been the acknowledged centre of the household. His absolute unselfishness, in a household where love reigned, gave him the lion's share of love; and no one questioned his right to rule the stricken family. His business training under his father made his head equal to his heart, and good judgment marked the fulfilling of his trust.

It was hard, this last spring in college, to come back to the routine. But finding, on his return from his mother's funeral, that he was behind in some intricate philosophical work, he read a large amount of Spinoza in the three days left before the examination, giving himself up to it with such absolute concentration

that he made an unusually brilliant account of it in Mr. Royce's examination. In June he graduated *magna cum laude*, and with honorable mention in Natural History, Chemistry, English Composition and Philosophy. He was worn to a shadow, and his heart was near breaking ; but hard work saved him.

His father to the last had regretted that Edward was still undecided about his vocation. Edward knew that he could teach ; he respected the life of the physician ; but evidently his mother's ambition for him was growing steadily to be his own. Her death may have fixed it—only he felt his unworthiness : he hesitated to enter a life for which he had such reverence.

During the summer of 1890 (August 27) his brother Fred was married, and then sailed for Germany, where he was to study Pedagogy under the German masters. The marriage brought him a sister to whom he was devoted ; but it was the first separation of the inseparable twins. His brother was his first love to the end ; when he wrote of his love for him, he spoke "of its years of comfort and joy, how it had helped him over many a hardship

and through many a temptation and up many a height." The old love on both sides was as deep as ever ; but the separation was hard for both. For Edward it was almost like another life taken from the dear old home.

During this summer of tragic thoughts, Atkinson surrendered without condition to his mother's hope for him, and prepared to enter the ministry of the Church.

CHAPTER III

A STUDENT OF THEOLOGY

IN the fall of 1890 Atkinson entered the Episcopal Theological School in Cambridge. Though within five minutes' walk of the old College Yard, he felt himself miles away, in a new and more radiant climate. He loved the quietness of the place, with its picturesque group of stone buildings, with its beautiful Gothic chapel, its old trees, its wide grass-plots. American that he was, he liked to be learning about the Church beneath the shadow of Washington's headquarters on one side, and the ancient elm under which Washington took command of the Continental army, a few steps away, on the other. But the free, high-spirited life within the walls, during the early nineties, was even better than this outward symbol. The School at this time ranged in number from forty to fifty men—a number

sufficiently small to allow the students to come together not only in the Refectory, but in the Reading Room, which after dinner was apt to be a meeting point for gay and general talk. A Harvard man received in this way some of the delight of a small college. And since, in spite of various temperaments and various degrees of training and ability, all the men had the same high purpose, there was a sense of comradeship which made the School one pleasant family. To this family spirit the faculty, who lived hard by, contributed. The Dean, Dr. William Lawrence, was a capital tennis-player and challenged the students to many a game ; moreover, he was always dispensing a charming hospitality in his home, especially glad, in this way, to bring the students into personal contact with such distinguished guests as Henry Drummond, Mr. Roosevelt or the Lord Bishop of Derry, Dr. Alexander. The other professors were also the kindest of friends and advisers. But it was in their class-rooms, to Atkinson's mind, that they all showed their most gracious spirit. Recognizing their men as mature, trained students, they assumed the attitude simply of students of

wider experience, guiding the men and working with them.

I

The work of the School had just been so arranged that, though most of the courses ran through the three years, the main emphasis during the Junior year was laid on Hebrew and New Testament exegesis; the Middle year, on Church History; the Senior year, on Theology and Homiletics. Atkinson never revelled in languages, and Hebrew was pain and grief to him; but he bowed his neck and took up the burden. The exegesis of the New Testament offered a relief. Professor Nash, with daring idioms, made the New Testament quiver with meaning; and, being a very Trojan for work, expected from his class a similar industry. He assigned appalling lists of books to be read forthwith, and demanded nine theses in a single year. Atkinson leaped to the task with joy. He came with high thoughts to the preparation for the ministry, and it was good on the threshold to be told to sit down and to read, among books of dry technicalities, many lives of Christ. These he read with his friend

Carroll, pausing constantly to read again a good paragraph and to talk about it. Browning, at such a moment, was apt to be brought in to enforce an intricate spiritual meaning: Atkinson was fond of showing the religion and theology in the poets, going to them again and again for the subtle expression of his intimations.

This Junior year at the Theological School was a year of high tension. He worked hard; and the excitement of finding his work for life, and finding it enticing, told upon his sensitive system. One morning, during the final examinations, Carroll entered his room to find that he had fainted. Fortunately he had already planned to go abroad for the summer; and the sea voyage immediately restored him.

II

His travelling companion for this summer of 1891 was his old friend E. D. Whitford. On the sixth day out the sailors began to make ready for a storm. "Going to have a storm?" asked some one. "Hope we shall," cried Atkinson; "I want to see one." A severe old lady, who knew him to be a theological student, called him to her and upbraided him for

tempting Providence: "You must pray that it be diverted," she said sternly. He replied gently that he did not believe in asking God to change the weather. When, to Atkinson's delight, the storm came, the old lady in her misery vehemently put all the blame on him.

The summer demonstrated where his chief interests were. For picture galleries he cared little: he gazed intently upon the few pictures he had decided to see in each gallery, and quickly passed the rest. He longed to be on the streets, seeing the people. At Amsterdam the German Emperor was pausing on his way to England, and all Holland in its Dutchiest clothes came in from the highways and by-ways to stare. The little Wilhelmina, then a mere child, came out on a balcony and threw kisses to the crowd. Atkinson was charmed with her, but with her gay, rollicking subjects he was charmed even more. He noticed everything, and kept up a rattling fire of amusing comment. The quaint and grawsome carvings in the churches interested him; and the scenery, especially in Switzerland and around Naples. But even in Switzerland, coming one day to a tiny schoolhouse, he put his head unceremoni-

ously into the open door, and forgot mountains and lakes in his eagerness to see how Swiss boys learned their lessons. It was in Switzerland, too, (at Geneva, to be exact,) that one morning before breakfast he ran into a milkman. The man was sitting cosily in his cart, driving a team consisting of his wife and a big dog. The man waved his whip, touching with it, now the dog, now the woman, Atkinson, breakfastless as he was, followed the team for a mile: "There," he exclaimed, breathless with laughter, "when I marry, I marry a European—so useful, you know."

In Venice they fell in with a party of college people, with whom they went through Italy. In the Uffizi Gallery in Florence one of the girls, upon discovering a bust of Savonarola, cried in triumph, "Come, see Mr. Atkinson!" Atkinson made himself merry over the incident, and at once bought a tiny marble copy, which always stood on his bookcase. He was full of sentiment and sympathy these Italian days: as when, in Rome, his pocket was picked in a church at a baptism, he made light of the missing thirty dollars, but groaned over a trifling keepsake which had gone with it; and

he allowed no one to make disparaging remarks about Roman religion. However, with all his respect for the piety of the humble, he was disgusted with the hypocrisy of the priests. In the catacombs he picked up a small bone, and when he showed it to the young woman of Savonarola fame, she asked for it. So he gave it to her. Late that evening, Atkinson and Whitford heard a timid tap at their door; the girl's mother returned the bone, which she had just discovered—she could not think of spending a night with it. The next morning she and Atkinson, beginning with the bone, went on to talk of immortality. So he was wont, naturally, simply, to pass from little things to great—even on a summer holiday.

Any place with historic associations brought from him a flood of entertaining anecdote; his wide general reading made him a remarkable travelling companion. Thus in London the British Museum bored him, but the Tower, with all its memories, was thrilling. So, too, at Eton he spent his time spelling out the names carved on the benches and chatting about the Iron Duke. But even London with all its past could not make him forgetful of

the present. The last afternoon there, he had planned to call upon Mr. Henry James, to whom he had a letter; but he finally decided that he must go, instead, to Whitechapel and stand on a corner for hours to see the poor people go by. In Ireland, also, just as they were about to sail, he was still intent upon seeing how the lowest lived; accordingly, he made his way to a hovel where children, hens, pigs and dogs all lived in the same room. The woman whose all this was, pressed upon him a little mountain dew (goat's milk and whiskey), but even his courtesy could not bring his lips to the soiled brew. To show his appreciation he gave her a sixpence, which she promptly returned with the remark that he must have made a mistake: it was silver, she said—no one ever before had given her silver. Of course he bade her keep it: it was like him to be the most generous man that came that way.

Among strangers as he was, he made friends everywhere. On the homeward steamer was an old man who wore a shawl, and who never left his reading to speak to any one. At the concert toward the end of the voyage, it was

suggested that the representatives of the various colleges give their college yells. The four young Harvard men did their loudest; and with the first peal, the old man of the shawl sprang from his corner. "Here," he cried, "I'm in that"; and he cheered till the tears ran down his cheeks. He proved to be a professor in Johns Hopkins; and he and Atkinson, with a common loyalty to Harvard, became fast friends in the one day left of the voyage. This was characteristic. People tell to-day of meeting in odd corners of the earth some stranger who says: "Atkinson! Oh, I had a talk with that man once—it was only in passing, but somehow, ever since, I have counted him a friend."

III

Atkinson took up the Middle year of the Theological School with increased interest. The students were all looking forward to the consecration of Phillips Brooks as Bishop of Massachusetts. In the School were represented all phases of Churchmanship, but, regardless of Churchmanship, the men were all Mr. Brooks's ardent disciples. For the last

year Atkinson had walked to Trinity Church nearly every Sunday; he was also regularly at the noon services at St. Paul's, the Mondays of Lent, when the great preacher surpassed himself in majesty and persuasion. Mr. Brooks had been a constant visitor at the School, and by informal talks to the students had imparted somewhat of his own large spirit. They had all been eager spectators at his election, and now, clad in academic gowns, they led the long procession of clergy and bishops into Trinity Church the morning of his consecration. Atkinson never forgot the man's face, as, at the preacher's word, he rose from the seated mass of humanity, and stood in reverent dignity to receive the charge from his old schoolmate, Bishop Henry Potter. His serious and noble face became as the face of an angel.

One of the first tasks which the new Bishop set himself was to come to Cambridge to see each of his candidates individually. He insisted on the quarterly report. "It is as disagreeable for me to write about myself," Atkinson said to him in his first reports, "as it is for some people to touch velvet. I could not overcome my hesitation now if the Dean had

not told us that the canonical command was not, as I had been led to think, a dead letter. I do not mean this to sound disrespectful. I have very deep affection for my Bishop, and every day that affection is finding some expression. I should like to go to any man with my hopes and enthusiasms, but I do not know how to make them seem large enough to be of interest to any one so busy as yourself.

“I find my work here extremely inspiring. I think I am keeping up to the average, although the standard is high and there are many temptations (to which I fear I yield sometimes) to get interested in some subjects to the exclusion of others. I am poor in Greek, because I took none in college, and because I have a linguistic hollow instead of a bump in my cranium. It goes without further remark that I am also weak in Hebrew. . . .

“When I get out I want to appeal to just such men as just such fellows as I am would make if they did not become ministers.”

Added to the joy of having so great a Bishop was the joy which the School itself brought this second year. Dr. Steenstra, though the

senior professor, was reading every new book to get the last word for his department. Atkinson, with all others, felt the rugged honesty and power of this profound student, and learned not only Old Testament Interpretation, but a great lesson in sincerity. Atkinson now first sat under the teaching of Dr. Allen. In common with many another who had already been taught by recognized masters, Atkinson felt that Dr. Allen was the most inspiring teacher he ever had known. Men went to his lecture room with the facts which they had read; they came away with the meaning of the facts, and, day by day, they felt the majesty of God's purpose working itself out with irresistible strength in human history. Not the least delightful aspect of Dr. Allen's courses were the informal Tuesday evening seminars, when he met the class in the reading room of Lawrence Hall. Three men ordinarily read papers, to which the master gave such attention as was at once encouraging and humiliating. He frequently interrupted the reader with illuminating and appreciative comment, and always at the end of a paper he would talk, bringing to bear on the

subject all sorts of interesting experience and knowledge. Men who perhaps never had known what scholarship was, learned it at last in Dr. Allen's seminars.

Atkinson was often profoundly moved by notable men in the Church who came to address the School. "Sometimes," he wrote to the Bishop in one of his canonical letters, "when an eloquent man comes along I have hard work to resist following him. The prospect of a year's study in Spanish only kept me out of Mr. Kinsolving's train." Bishop Clark always delighted Atkinson, especially when, one night, sitting solemnly behind the table in the Reading Room he told of the estimable woman in Fall River who did not object to oysters in general, but who did hate to see her minister eat them. He was illustrating expedient concessions to public opinion.

Atkinson had a genius for friendship, and each year, as the School changed or increased, he won new friends. He liked to install a visitor in one end of his big window seat, while he sat in the other end ; and there, in the light of the sun and of each other's faces, they talked of life and poetry and work. Or, of a late

afternoon, he would be found walking with a crony through some pleasant lane in the outskirts of Cambridge. Or, again, after Phillips Brooks's noon sermons at St. Paul's, he would stay in Boston for luncheon, that with a single friend he might go over the words just spoken. It was astonishing how quickly one came to vital subjects with him.

The summer of 1892 he spent in New Hampshire. It was characteristic that he carried with him forty volumes as his summer stint of work and play. "Would your *Grandeur*," he wrote to W. M. Gilbert, "like to know what his Littleness has been reading of late? Church's 'Oxford Movement,' Newman's 'Apologia,' Tulloch's 'Religious Thought in the Nineteenth Century,' Bradley's 'Dean Stanley,' Allen's 'Jonathan Edwards,' McConnell's 'American Church.' This has been intensely interesting reading. I'll tell you what I think of Newman and the Oxford men—when I see you.

"I have been having a fine time since I wrote you, wandering up and down the land visiting my relatives to the third and fourth generation. I have at last reached one of the most

beautiful spots in the White Mountains: scores of clear blue lakes, range upon range of mountains and a delightful valley—these are constantly in my field of vision. I spend my time reading and looking off; that is, when I am not fishing, bathing, berrying, mountain-climbing, etc., etc. There are some drawbacks, however, to this Eden. There is a snake in Paradise. Rank Republicanism runs rampant. Harrison and haying are the only topics of conversation. As I know more about the latter, I always choose it when I run up against the natives and have to talk. The religion is even worse than the politics. It is called Baptist, and is divided like Gaul into three parts: Freewill, Calvinist and Hobbsite. The last is a local variety which is only waiting the death of old Hobbs himself (now over seventy) to become extinct.

“I see symptoms of something like a chronic disease which may turn out to be *emptia pocket-bookia*. If things grow worse, I shall consult an authority, and I shall let you know the result.”

These last words are in explanation of no visit to Gilbert for that year. The disease did become chronic, because his lavish sympathy

and generosity never allowed him to keep money. By the time he left the School he had nothing left. He had spent about fourteen hundred a year during his education, and so used up his capital. He was not troubled, because no one was dependent upon him, and he did not care to save anything. He kept his accounts with accurate neatness, and knew exactly what he was doing. His capital was to be a library and his education.

IV

The last year at the Theological School was full of life for Atkinson. To Gilbert, who was of the previous class and who was now at work in a small New York village, he wrote, on the 29th of November :

“ News, gossip, rumor, etc., etc. 1. My first sermon in the chapel *went*. 2. — has been here: corrected my pronunciation and reproved me four times every minute during his entire visit—which lasted overnight. 3. The Dean’s sick: — is making a scientific assault on the Refectory—*and the Dean is sick*. 4. — sits at my right hand at the table. He talks; I eat. . . . 10. I put \$150.00 into

books lately. 11. — went back on his college bill ; I as bondsman had the privilege of paying it. . . . 19. Dr. Allen is better, gentler, sweeter than ever. 20. The Bishop's Matriculation Sermon was the finest yet. . . . 22. Two very revolutionary and hopeful things in the School : one is a socialistic club called Our Neighbor Club, composed of ten or twelve choice spirits, for discussion of city, social and parochial problems ; the other, *mirabile dictu*, is a Prayer Meeting in Gray Memorial Room once a week. The whole School goes, and wonderful effects have been the outcome—more apparent spirituality in the School, less criticism of one another, a fellow-feeling wonderfully kind and loving, a bringing out of fellows like —, a Christian courage and frankness which is a constant inspiration. Really the School has changed. —, — and — acknowledge it and catch it. The faculty are very happy over it, and encourage it all. —, — and X are responsible for it."

Early in the winter of this last year at the School he was called to be assistant to the Rev. John Cotton Brooks, at Christ Church, Springfield. Bishop Brooks, in his brother's behalf,

urged Atkinson to accept; and Atkinson, glad to have the future assured, said that he would go as soon as he was graduated and ordained. Meantime, he went to Springfield nearly every Sunday to give Mr. Brooks such help as he could as a layman. The twenty-second of January he had spent a very happy Sunday at the Springfield Rectory; but Monday morning Mr. Brooks received a telegram saying that the Bishop was ill. After Mr. Brooks had started for Boston, and as Atkinson, who was to take the next train, was about to leave the Rectory, a telegram came saying, "Phillips gone at 6.30." "I read it to the family," he wrote simply to his brother. "They are all prostrated with the sudden affliction, and I left them in tears. My three hours' ride seemed very long and gloomy. Everybody here at the School is sad and beyond consolation. Our only encouragement comes when we think what is left for us, to be worthy of the commission he has given us. We who expected him to ordain us next June hardly know what to say or think." Monday was a holiday at the School, and as the men came back, one after another, from their mission

work, they gathered in friendly rooms to say quietly how profound were their astonishment and grief. The next morning at chapel the Dean, usually restrained and reserved, broke down and wept as he tried to read the Beatitudes for the Lesson, and Mr. Nash came to his aid. Regaining composure later, he announced in broken words that the School had lost its best friend on earth, and that there would be no recitations—the School should be silent for the week, except the daily services morning and night. Then he read a telegram of consolation from Bishop Whipple, adding, "He has the child-heart, too—he understood him."

Once more, on Thursday, the students of the School, in academic gowns, led the long procession of clergy and bishops into Trinity Church. No one there could ever forget the simple grandeur of the scene. Every student came away with new faith. Atkinson, with a friend, boarded a street car, intending to go at once to the School; but as they reached Harvard Square the funeral procession was just entering the College Yard, so they stood reverently with bared heads among the several

thousand other Harvard men lined up as a guard of honor. Afterward they walked on rapidly, not knowing exactly whither they went, speaking all the time of what he had been to them. At last their steps led into the gate of Mount Auburn, and from a bit of high ground they looked over to the distant group of people gathered about the open grave, where the two brothers were saying the last words.

This tragedy made the closing months of Atkinson's preparation for the ministry a climax of high purpose and resolve. He searched far and wide for photographs of Bishop Brooks, and had, finally, the best collection known to the Bishop's friends. These he kept always at hand, and many people came to see them. It was good for him to have such a hero in flesh and blood; it gave him faith, it gave him courage to dare, to be his best.

With the inclement weather of a Cambridge spring and with hard work he was dangerously near breaking down. Writing to a classmate who was ill at home, he said: * "I am not well, yet my courage is good, and I think I shall stay it out. . . . We may be weaklings in the

* April 1, 1893.

flock, but let us try to do what we hoped it might be granted us to do. I am impatient for the battle, and I do not care much whether I go under early or late, so long as the command comes true. I feel differently from what I once did. My courage has not gone, it only has changed into a better kind. Once I was only brave enough to win, now I try to think myself brave enough to fight—and lose, if need be."

He soon recovered his spirits, however, and wrote* to another friend: "My Springfield Sundays have been the happiest days since my parents died. I have learned very much about the Bishop; I have looked over many of his letters and sermons. It is all a great inspiration.

"Professor Drummond is here, making a tremendous excitement. He came twice to Appleton Chapel and I had to stand in line ten minutes to get in, and I was half an hour early and the public was not admitted. He speaks to our School this week. And, oh, you provincials! Duse is here: Boston is wild over her. Her Camille is greater than Bernhardt's. Willard is here with a play by Barrie; the Dalys with 'Twelfth Night'; 'Shore Acres,'

* April 25, 1893.

a wonderful play by Herne, is having its 100th night at the Museum; two weeks of Grand Opera at the Boston Theatre; finally, Nikisch, Symphony Concerts, Paderewski, and Grossmith! . . .

“The School, I think, as a whole is in a fine condition—more spirit of all kinds than ever before; more athletic, more pious, more intellectual.”

In May Dean Lawrence was elected Bishop of Massachusetts, and the night of the election, after dinner, the men all called on him together, to tender their sorrowful congratulations. They all felt what he had been to the School. Atkinson, with the others, had learned to know the fine spirituality which lay behind all his simplicity and kindness; and he gave to him, as his bishop, an always increasing trust and affection.

On June 21, 1893, Atkinson was ordered Deacon at St. John’s Chapel by his late bishop’s friend, Bishop Randolph. It was the climax of long hopes: he was now sent to his work. But, just as all seemed clear, he received beckonings to another field. He was not to begin his ministry without one further struggle to read his duty.

CHAPTER IV

TWO YEARS IN SPRINGFIELD

JUST as Atkinson was finishing his work at Cambridge, he was called to succeed the Rev. Percy Grant at Fall River. Mr. Brooks, to whom Atkinson felt himself bound, magnanimously gave him his freedom, yet naturally pleaded with him to come to Springfield. The mission work at Fall River appealed to Atkinson: all who knew him best deemed him exactly the man for it, and, in his freedom, urged him to accept it. Because this effort to read his duty was a sort of crisis, it must be told in full. His own words to a friend tell it best:

“I think I told you how strongly Mr. Nash and the fellows were for Fall River, and Dr. Allen’s kind words, and the Dean’s leaning toward the new work. All the time that these people were talking in this way and praising me as if I were dead and they were bound to

say only good things of the dead, Mr. Brooks kept up a steady line of letters. In them he told of his need for me and what God's work in the parish required—and he kept saying: 'Don't come for personal reasons; consider yourself free: don't think of me.' Well, I could not stand that: it made me say in my heart, 'Oh, let me go and give Mr. Brooks the answer he wants.' He was so magnanimous about it, and he was already so dear to me, and I owed so much to the beloved Bishop, and I kept thinking, 'If all these things which my friends are saying of me are true, is it not all the more reason why I should go to Springfield and make the Bishop happy by being a real help to his brother?' I felt I was strong against the advice of those who said Fall River. 'They love me,' I said, 'and want to see me in a big work.' . . . Then I tried to think of my duty on the other side. 'Suppose Fall River is a big work and you cannot grasp it all' . . . 'Are you not afraid and running away?' I said all this and actually read over that first sermon of mine about men's not doing what God means them to do: then I thought I was really being sent to Fall

River by God. ‘Why has this offer come just as I was committing myself at Springfield, and why does there seem to be only one opinion among my advisers, if the hand of God is not in it?’ So I talked it over with — and he read me a sermon on Loyalty to Christ, and out of it all I resolved to go to Fall River. But I was worried and nervous over the whole affair. It was counting on me terribly. The fellows knew it and were so good to me, so good that I never shall forget it. Mr. Brooks knew it, and he knew how I was being urged on all sides, and out of the goodness of his heart he telegraphed to me: ‘Your mind tired and overworked, don’t try to make any decision yet, I beg you, but come right down here to us all to-night and be quiet a while—only safe way—come without fail.’

“I went. I was very happy at the tea table, and they all seemed so glad to have me and I really seemed to be adding to their joy, too. I began to weaken on my Fall River resolve.

“I do not think they intended to talk, but after supper Mrs. Brooks—a beautiful womanly woman—let drop a fatal remark. The struggle began. . . . At last I broke down and left

the room. Mr. Brooks found me and said he wanted me to go to bed and think no more about it. . . . I had not slept for several nights; they gave me sleep-stuff and I slept late the next day."

He had now full materials from all sides, and after returning to Cambridge and talking the matter over with Mr. Nash, he decided for Springfield.

"So I have chosen Springfield," he wrote, "freely, thoughtfully, prayerfully. And the choice makes me true to my first commission, true to Mr. Brooks and the dear Bishop, and true, I hope and pray, to my real Taskmaster. But I did long to go to Fall River. You know that I wanted to do just that kind of work and to be the helper of just the Fall River kind of people. Perhaps, however, the particular strings which Percy Grant's work sounded may be touched by the work here, if not here, then later elsewhere as suits God's good will. I am bound to be happy: that was a right I reserved from the first, whatever the outcome. It has all been a great lesson to me, as I hope in a way it may be to you, that we are more truly God's than we usually think—that every

step in life must have His sanction, must be treated as a call. . . . For the first time in my life I feel absolutely and solely a tool in God's hand."

The decision past, he dropped everything and went to the World's Fair in Chicago. In the company of friends his accustomed buoyancy came back. "It is the grandest, finest, most beautiful and artistic spectacle I have ever gazed upon," he wrote. "It is Venice, Rome and Paris, and I don't doubt Athens, combined." He immediately urged all sceptical friends to go. To one of his younger brothers he apportioned just the time to be spent in different buildings. The first and last hour must be spent in getting a general view of the whole. "All extra time, spend in looking again at pictures and sculpture in the Art Gallery—and standing with your mouth open in the Court of Honor. Close the door when you come out."

Coming back to Springfield to begin his work, he settled down in the empty Rectory; for the Rector's family were all away for the summer. Letters continued to come from friends about his decision, revealing a trust and

affection which overwhelmed him. "The joy which has come to me," he said, "in the expressed love and interest of so many people has made heaven enough for me for many years to come." He was soon lost, too, in the responsibility which the entire charge of a large parish threw about him. He was suddenly called upon to rejoice with people and to weep with them. To his delight he found that Christ Church had not only its prosperous people but its poor. He began to give himself, soul and body, to all sorts and conditions, just as he had given himself to his friends, and their love came back to him.

Still the old Cambridge friendships stayed him. "Sure enough," he wrote to one still in the School, "you and I no longer live together, window-seat together, jaunt up Brattle Street together; but delightful letters come from you to me in my loneliness, and I find you communicative, responsive, sympathetic, as in the dear old Cambridge days."

Dr. Lawrence was consecrated Bishop on the fifth of October. For weeks Atkinson had been looking forward to this opportunity to be with his Cambridge friends again. "To this minute,"

he wrote three days later, "I cannot comprehend the reception I received at the School. Such kind words and warm greetings which came from every one to a man. Fellows hugging me and pulling at my coat tails, and shaking hands, and all talking at once, for a whole afternoon and evening." Then he added, "The Consecration was the best conducted affair I ever saw in Trinity: music, service, processional—beautiful. Old Zante was a little too much of a curiosity, but the ceremony outdid anything I ever saw anywhere."

Just at this time Fall River was again offered him, his work there to begin after Christmas, by which time Mr. Brooks could secure another assistant. "I had my talk with Nash," he wrote. "He was beautiful. Nash is all that we say he is, when we say our best of him. He sees the spiritual side of things, and helps a fellow to see it, too. Mr. Grant has written to me from New York, telling me the *oughts* of the case. But it all is too late. Fall River, *R. I. P.*"

So he felt himself established at Springfield. "My work has settled into shape now," he wrote.* "Every afternoon but Thursday I

* November 14, 1893.

visit. Every morning from nine to eleven I give to Mr. Brooks; the rest of the morning to fixing up records, lists, letters, Sunday-school and the like; part of the evenings to meetings, one to preparation, one or two to visiting. I never have time to study. I have written only one sermon. I never sit in any chair in the house but my desk chair.

“Sunday-school, though small (250), grows, and is now nicely organized. I have revised and twice copied a ten-year-old communicant list. I give the bulk of a day to getting up and getting off my Teachers’ Meetings. I give half a day to editing a Parish Leaflet. I have tried to write three Lesson Papers a week, but we expect to buy them hereafter.

“I am happy in a calm way. I never quite knew this kind of joy before. My happiness has always been enthusiastic and active, now it is peaceful. If I could get rid of my secret faults, my self-consciousness, my counting myself better than many of my betters, I think I should be knowing the most godlike days of my life. Yet in a great many ways I am better when happy in the dear old boiling,

boiling away. When I am so full of good, happy things to do and to ponder upon that bad things can't find a place, then I am more often the good man I wish and try to be. I have suffered much of late and God has somehow softened it all to me, so that it seems as if I never wished more to be a righteous man."

A little later he wrote: "Getting our Parish over Christmas has nearly killed me. It has been great fun, but very exhausting. Christmas greens, three Christmas entertainments, pantomime, carols, infant baptisms—for which I have been the 'small boy,' the 'dish-washer,' the 'baggage-smasher,' the 'designer,' 'property-man,' 'police,' 'musical director,' 'man of all work,' etc., etc., etc.—have kept me at it nearly twenty hours a day for two weeks. The Rector, now it's all over, says, 'Now, we can just take our coats off and get some work done.'"

A natural student, he moaned to think how little he read. "Of all my old resolves what I would do when I got into etc., I keep only one—reading poetry." When he went on a journey, however brief, Palgrave's "Golden

Treasury" was wont to go with his Bible and his Prayer Book. He did read more or less biography, too, these days, but that was too light to be mentioned, he thought. Besides, the irony of fate compelled him to read a Sunday-school library from Whittaker, which with agony and conscientiousness he read through before he allowed the books to go into the hands of the children. "I have done very little reading," he said after this, "but my associates are such that somehow I manage to get the gist of all the latest books. I have yet to read Kidd."

May 18, 1894, he was again in Cambridge, to be ordained to the Priesthood. He was ordained in St. John's Chapel by his old teacher, Bishop Lawrence. Once more the old friends still left in Cambridge gathered about him ; he felt that he had come home to receive the last sacred commission for his life.

Atkinson's great work at Springfield was among the boys and young men. "The idea?" he said. "Whose was it? Yes, it was mine—founded on my knowledge of boy nature.* . . .

* His knowledge of boy nature is perhaps best illustrated by a lecture on "Chums" which he gave while in Spring-

I sent a hustling postal-card to all the young fellows (over 16) I could hear of. We began

field. A few extracts from his notes for this lecture will indicate its tenor :

A. WHAT IS A CHUM?

1. How the word came: "comrade," "chamber."
2. What do you mean by "chumming" with a fellow?
3. How often I hear the expression.
4. Items in the definition.
 - a. Going everywhere together—"Want one? Hunt for the other!"
 - b. The Song—"Sharing each other's sorrows, Sharing each other's joys."
 - c. Being "thick."
 - d. "Standing up," etc.
 - e. Buying similar things. Owning similar things. Doing similar things. Wearing similar things.
 - f. Very familiar and intimate. Not on good behavior. Not on ceremony. Not in best clothes. Running in on each other. Real, every-day.
 - g. Little different than to others.
 - h. Helping each other out. "Paper boys." Howard and Phil. After berries.
 - i. *Love.*
 1. "Comrades."
 2. Homesick-Herman.
 3. Professor James's father.
 4. F. Robertson and watches.
 5. Chas. Kingsley's twins.
 6. Dr. Coilyer's story.
 7. Jonathan and David.

"Mary loved the lamb, you know,
Because the lamb loved Mary so."

Mutual affection—this the key to it all. "Chum," then, *is a boy's word* for a true, intimate, every-day, through-thick-and-thin friend.

B. WHAT A "CHUM" IS NOT.

Merely

a. *A boon companion.*

Just pleasure.

You really don't like such a fellow long.

b. *Selfish fellow*; trying to "get all he can" out of you; "sponges" you; a "toady."

c. *Neither the opposite*—one whom you sponge and follow after because he has better things than you have.

Cf. St. Christopher—how he wished to serve a bigger giant—the picture at Venice.

d. *Always "fooling up";* never serious; never acting as if he liked you for yourself alone. Just, "Hail fellow, well met"—and nothing more.

True chums quiet down sometimes and "talk over" things at walk, etc.

A Chum is not, then, a mere companion, a "sponge," a "toady," etc.—but

a true, loving friend.

C. HAVE YOU CHUMS? [Some really haven't.]

i. *Value.*

a. Can there be any doubt?

b. What others have said. [Here follow quotations from Cicero, Evelyn, S. Ambrose, Dr. Arnold.]

c. Finally, what *I* say—my experience, college, etc. What a chum means to me.

The joy of his coming.
Loneliness without him.
No matter how poor or

with about 30 and ended with a roll of 94, and an average attendance of over 50, and we had hardly any regular absentees. The secret lies

homely—or the opposite.

Let go everything else if necessary, etc.

2. *If you have chums, keep them.*
If you have not chums, get them.

A. Keeping.

1. Polonius's advice :
 " Grapple them to thy soul with hoops of steel."

2. Frequent changing of chums a bad sign.

3. Inconstancy, disloyalty. Think twice. Be forgiving. Quarrels between friends the worst. 70×7 .

4. The proverb: " Thine own friend and thy father's friend forsake not."

5. Write letters.
 Make presents.
 Remember "old times."

In a word—*Hold fast to your chums.*

B. Getting.

1. " To have a friend you must be one."

We must cultivate the friendly spirit.

Learn to be pleasant.

Learn to love.

Learn to be helpful.

Learn to draw others out.

Learn to be communicative.

Think well of others.

" You're a better man than I am, Gunga Din."

Bishop Hare's story.

Moody's coin.

Stage coach.

2. What prevents?

(a) Selfishness.

The boy who jumps always for the best, etc., has no chums.

Lives for himself . . . has

the worst chum in the world—only himself.

To be self-centred is to be self-circumferenced.

(b) Conceit. Nobody likes him.

(c) The bully.

(d) Making chums too easily—wholesale affection, so no one cares for it (14 fathers and mothers).

This, important topic.

" Eat a peck of salt with him " : *slow.*

" Be good money-changers " ;
 i.e. ring the coin.
 Test each " chum."

Not wearing heart on sleeve :
 daws, not friends will peck at it.

If you haven't a chum, make haste to get one (not only one, but every one true) *and getting, keep.*

D. KIND OF CHUMS TO CHOOSE.

1. Anyway, he is a friend.

2. Manly.

Brave; honest; frank.

3. " Sand."

A "brick"; square + grit.

4. Enthusiasm.

5. Tenderness.

Tears.

Affection.

Gentleness.

Consideration.

Why?

1. " A man is known by the company he keeps ; " " birds of a feather," etc.; so we are known by our chums.

2. Our friends *mould* us [here follow quotations].

∴ *Choose good chums, and keep worthy and up to their best qualities.*

along this line; 1. Foresight; 2. Sense of the boys' doing the work all themselves; 3. Sense of making it all a huge success; 4. Sense of working for others. Now a word on each: (1) That is, you (the clergyman) must think hard; put good ideas indirectly into their heads as to what to do and what not to do. Look out for mistakes, abuses, cliques, swell-heads and one-man-runners, long before. (2) Even if you have a scheme, throw it right upon the house. Let them discuss it and elect committees. Perhaps they will put you on. Then you can, direct the matter to a safe port, anyway, if you watch. Talk of what they do; give them all the credit when it is done. (3) (4) Success. Why, Trinity Club (the name of the Springfield club) got all over the city! They talked about it and boomed it everywhere. Then they worked inside and out for its prosperity. For example, some boys saw a clique of poor, diffident boys forming because they always took the same seats in a certain corner. So they secretly planned to get these seats, first for one or two nights, and to mingle among them. They succeeded completely. A negro could bring down the house, as a blue-blood

could equally well. Both were popular. If a new boy came, every one understood that he was to be made at home. Sometimes a stranger, just come in for the first time, would be surrounded by five or six fellows seeking to entertain him. This summer I have quite often met two chums on the street together—the friendship began at the Trinity Club.

“Now what is their special work? Some one suggests we should give an entertainment at the Alms House for the inmates; some one says, ‘Let’s put flowers in the Easter decorations in memory of a deceased member’; another suggests a series of young men’s Lenten services; to take care of athletics at the Sunday-school picnic; also a banquet of one hundred young men. All these are actual things proposed and cared for by our club, besides an entertainment which drew nearly one thousand people.”

Atkinson’s ingenuity came to light in the weekly programme for the club itself. He put aside debates, gymnasium, the reading of papers, games, drills; and had instead talks by specialists, *legerdemain*, readings, lectures, instruction by illustrated talks from doctors, firemen,



THIS IS AN EVENING PICTURE OF A NORTH SHORE SUMMER.
IT IS CHARACTERISTIC THAT THREE BOYS WERE WITH HIM



IN SEASONABLE WEATHER HE TRIED TO SPEND ONE AFTER-
NOON A WEEK IN A CANOE ON THE CHARLES

editors and the like. As far as possible the members furnished the entertainment. "Create your own material," he said; "it is surprising how it comes."

On June 9, 1894, he wrote to his brother Hal: "Fred has been unanimously elected principal of the Springfield High School. Hurrah! It is a grand and honorable day in the history of the Atkinsons. He is very happy, and so are we all." This meant much to Edward. He and his brother now became interested often in the same boys. But often those who seemed impossible to the schoolmaster became possible heroes to the parson. They instinctively poured out their troubles to Edward, and already many boys were finding in him their best friend. There was a boy named Allen Rice, a Congregationalist, who often came to Atkinson's rooms with two chums: he and Atkinson became warm friends at once, and the friendship grew in later years to be almost the best treasure each had in his life.

It was small wonder that the boys loved him. He loved them. "Have I told you," he wrote to his brother Hal, "how kind the Trinity Club was to me at their banquet?

There were over one hundred present, and I was introduced toward the last by a very enthusiastic friend as the ‘personification of enthusiasm,’ a ‘heart that loved everybody,’ ‘the true owner of the Club,’ etc. Then the fellows clapped and clapped, and soon began to yell just as we used to in college and at rallies. Then they ended up with three cheers. I nearly broke down under it. I never, never shall forget it. Then, of course, I spoke. I tell you this because you have known how hard I have worked, and what the difficulties have been. It was the happiest moment of my life.”

May 27, 1895, he accepted a call to the Church of the Ascension in Boston: this is a chapel of Emmanuel Parish under the Rev. Dr. Parks. The tears filled his eyes as he looked into the faces of the congregation on the Sunday which intervened between the call and its acceptance. He cared for such a great many of these people, from Mr. Brooks down to the smallest child in the Sunday-school. He wrote of being “very blue and nervous-prostrated.” It seemed as if this new work, distinctly of a mission character, in the South

End of Boston, were exactly what he had wished. The last days at Springfield were hard, because of the expressions of affection and loyalty that came in abundance. Fortunately the work in Boston was not to begin till September, so that he said his farewells as quickly as possible, and early in July was settled for the summer on the South Shore.

CHAPTER V

THE FIRST YEAR IN BOSTON

ATKINSON spent most of the summer of 1895 with a friend on the shore of Buzzard's Bay. They had rooms in a fine old house on the edge of a little village, and went to a sea-captain's to eat. Atkinson had hardly arrived before the expressman brought a large box, containing the books for the summer reading. He also planned to rewrite a large number of sermons, but this fell through: he needed the immediate prospect of delivering them to make it possible to write sermons. But the two friends read their old sermons to each other, and talked of texts, subjects and methods. Together, too, they read aloud volume after volume, especially of Tennyson and Browning. It was the summer when Miss Wilkins published "The Long Arm" in "The Boston Herald"; they grew so intensely interested in this brisk detective story that they were al-

ways at the post-office early to get the paper, and then went to sit on the wharf immediately to read it.

Here in this quaint country, walking through the woods and along the shore, Atkinson talked of what he should do in Boston. "I am a little tremulous," he wrote,* "about my new work. I do not have the least idea how to go at it. I have been told that I was not to be liked because Mr. Mills, the last incumbent, was so much liked. I intend to make a struggle, anyway." Toward the end of the summer he went to Boston and chose a large pleasant room in The Langham, where he was to live after the first of September. This done, he felt happier.

"I am sore distressed in thy absence," he wrote to his companion, who was away for several days. "Please come back quickly. Mrs. —— knew I was homesick for you and brought me a piece of custard pie,—'to take his place,' she said. . . .

"Friday night I picked out a sermon—wrote a little—moaned for you—ate the pie—went to bed.

* August 1, 1895.

"Saturday—went to New Bedford to drown my sorrow. Not much good.

"It is now 6.30 Saturday evening. Mr. Bird wants me to come to the Casino hop to-night, but I 'darsent'."

September first found him established at The Langham. To the small congregation that gathered in the church for the first Sunday he bore the message that the work in the Church of the Ascension must be shoulder to shoulder, everybody helping everybody else. To this end, in a practical way, he called the people together each Wednesday evening for what he called Welcome Meetings. These were held in the parish rooms. He began with prayers, a short address and hymns. After this there was an informal entertainment, during which people from other parts of Boston recited, sang or played. Often at the last moment these friends would fail him; so that he would have to provide the entertainment himself. The entertainment was followed by a light refreshment, during which he shook hands all around, and inquired for all the ill and absent. It was exhausting work, but it paid. The Church of the Ascension quickly increased its brotherly

love. "The church begins to seem like a family," one of the men said.

For the most part the first five or six months in Boston were months of observation. "It is my duty," he wrote to Allen Rice,* "to do the work God has given me in the South End of Boston. I am happy in it because I know I am trying in my feeble way to make some unhappy people happier and, I trust, better. But this is not saying I do not miss you and my dear friends in Springfield. If you had been with me during my last days there, you would have seen that my heart was about breaking, as I had to say good-by to so many, so many whom I shall see but little ever again . . . I thought once of sending each of you boys a gift; but as I saw more and more the wistful looks on the faces of so many of my children here, I decided to give all I could to them; I know you cannot doubt my affection anyway.

"I want to tell you what I am going to do after next week. I am going to leave this gorgeous hotel and take up my home in a tenement on a street where several of my families

* December 23, 1895.

live. I find that I must live more as my people live, if I am to do the most for them. I want them to come and see me more. I want them to know that I am a man just like themselves. They cannot come to the oppressive marble walls of The Langham; or, if they do, they get an entirely wrong idea of me. So the next time you come to Boston you will find me living in a wooden tenement in a very humble street. I know you will come just as quickly, and put up with the inconveniences."

The expense of getting his new house cleaned, papered and painted was considerable; and the Christmas demands were heavy, in addition to incessant demands from poverty. "Can you lend me \$2.00 until next Monday," he wrote to his brother Hal, whose office was in the North Station, "or \$5.00, if you can spare it? As it is, I must walk (fact: only three cents) to get it. You will see my face at the desk some time before noon. If you cannot, all right. I'll walk back."

January 10, 1896, he wrote to his brother: "I sleep in an honest man's house at No. 1 Clifton Place for the first time to-morrow night." Of this tiny house he kept for himself the two

rooms on the second floor; on the first floor lived his housekeeper and her husband. "They are poor," he wrote, "but of the salt of the earth." He added: "My work has been tremendously helped by my style of living: 'Worth more than seventy sermons,' one of my men said. The numerous calls I have now to receive from my people increase my work, but I am learning life and being the 'strong arm' as never before."

Meantime, many of the Springfield boys came to Boston frequently, especially when there were great college games to be seen at Cambridge. They camped out in Atkinson's rooms, and it was often hard to tell when or where he slept on such occasions. To Allen Rice, who was now within somewhat more than two years of college, he wrote: "I am very, VERY, VERY glad of your Harvard decision. Yale is a fine institution, but it has not had the fine history or the men that Harvard has had. Of course she is not far behind Harvard in any of these things—yet I believe she is behind. It is hard to describe to a boy, but as one looks at the development of thought and life in America—in religion, in politics, in

literature—one sees (when comparing the relative work of Harvard and Yale) that Harvard has been nearest the front, closest to the best, broadest, noblest ideals. Harvard has fought single-handed, time and time again, for ideas which finally the whole country has come around to. If you go abroad and talk with foreign observers of American universities, you will see how quickly they put Harvard at the head. I shall send you an article on Harvard, the first few sentences of which I can never read without the greatest patriotism for country and university." A little later he added: "You are good to take my Harvard talk so appreciatively. Next to the Church and the good old Land of ours I love Harvard."

As the first year at the Ascension advanced, he felt that the work was really moving. After Easter he wrote to Gilbert: "I take it you would like to know how the church has gone. Splendidly. It has increased over 100 communicants in seven months: now 256. The congregations and offerings have more (little more) than doubled. I made 47 addresses the 46 days of Lent. Result: came out a Roentgen photograph. The flesh is coming back now,

however, with beef, iron and wine. We had Confirmation (23) on Easter night. We have a female-male vested choir *à la* St. Bartholomew's. We had to have it under the circumstances: boys not a success for a choir in South End—voices change before or by the time manners are cultivated. I have organized a chapter of St. Andrew's Brotherhood which makes about sixty calls a month. Dr. Parks backs me up in good style. Every one is kind."

With the spring weather, a friend who knew how hard he worked tried to get him out into the country. "I want to come, but something tells me I can't; e.g. meetings Monday and Wednesday nights, dentist Tuesday, Archdeaconry Wednesday, spring calls, two sermons. But I *will* come later to ramble off in the woods with you. Let's call it the second week in June, when it will be delightful to escape these warm streets for the shades of —. Then, having the beautiful weather and verdure for accompaniments, you can make me happy with your own sweet self. But I *can* stand you unadorned, so I beg you to visit me at No. 1 Clifton Place as you pass, as you pass. Visit me at No. 1 Clifton Place, as you pass. Will

you? Come on Sunday night as you return from —. There's a lot to talk over, and by and by you will not have me to slide down cellar doors with. Do come! The bulkheads are extra nice and slippery hereabouts. . . .

“Things are rather slow ecclesiastically in this See town now, with — censured, — deposed, — archdeaconed, and the — of — elected. Billy must feel quite good with *all* this off his hands. But how we'll weep when you're far away. Why did you go? No matter: we will love you all the more, and distance shall prevail not. . . .

“P. S.—Come going,
Come coming,
And stay long.
Do, dovey.”

With all the demands upon him, he found that he could not afford any longer to eat at The Langham, so about the middle of May he wrote to his brother Hal: “I am going to try Mrs. Carlyle (his housekeeper) night and morning and Washington Market at noon. . . . I get along very nicely, unless I have a lot of company. It happens that I have actually not

slept in my own bed on account of guests, one after the other, for about ten days. So my work is all behind."

One day one of his Brotherhood men met him leaving a market with a leg of lamb which he was taking to a poor family. The man, knowing in some way how Atkinson was being forced to take his luncheons in very cheap places, upbraided him for giving everything away. "Suppose you break down—you will have nothing to keep you," the man cried. Atkinson looked him straight in the eye: "Robert," he said, "if I needed anything, and went to your door for it, would you refuse me?" "Of course not," was the quick answer. "Well," said Atkinson, "every one in my parish would do for me in the same way."

The work this spring was a good deal heavier than usual, owing to the withdrawal of the parish visitor, because Dr. Parks reported that Emmanuel could no longer afford to pay for her. Dr. Parks was always a sympathetic leader, leaving to Atkinson the entire charge of the affairs in the Chapel; but since Emmanuel Church was responsible for the work, Atkinson sometimes felt that Dr. Parks should have bled

the rich parishioners of Emmanuel somewhat more freely. Each, with ample reason, grew very fond of the other; but they had warm discussions often about the need of larger equipment at the Ascension. One day, when there seemed no way out, Atkinson held up his hand and cried, "Scissors, Mr. Parks!" So with a laugh this discussion ended.

The vacation of 1896 he spent at Baddeck, Cape Breton, drawn thither by his friend and classmate Frederick Edwards. Here he read and talked and wrote letters to his many friends now scattered over the world. But the Church of the Ascension was always in his mind. "It is," he wrote, "the hardest, blessedest work you can imagine for me. It is full of opportunities as large as all Boston. And I have such conceptions of what it ought to be! My ideas are quite different from any one's I have talked with. I want to make the Church a *shrine*, so to speak. I want to centre everything in the Sunday work and the other services; to cure poverty not by dollars and cents and numberless institutions, but by a kind of Christian 'Open Sesame,' which is to be obtained as in the middle ages they obtained courage and in-



DOORWAY OF THE CHURCH OF THE ASCENSION, BOSTON

spiration by visiting the Cathedrals. I wish so to do the preaching and to conduct the services that piety of the accomplishing kind will grow among the people of the streets I live in."

CHAPTER VI

THE SECOND YEAR IN BOSTON

ATKINSON'S hold upon boys was not used merely to entertain them; he fought for their higher selves. Two or three letters to a boy of fine spirit, who, in their growing intimacy, sought his help in a severe temptation, will show his method.

"Only one page to you before the week ends to tell you I am thinking of you and by the Faith Cure of Love trying to heal you. Love is wise, not blind. It sees true visions. I know that it is all coming out right with you and that the load will fall off your shoulders very soon as it fell off Christian's in Pilgrim's Progress.

"Do not think about it any more now, but push on in your manly way. Your heart is brave, your arms strong; so shall your achievement be sure."

A month later he wrote again: "Your letter

is most reassuring. God bless you in the position you have come to. You have suffered and conquered. You make me think of one of Stevenson's noble characters, Olalla. The story ends with telling how Olalla stood by a crucifix on a highway in Spain—the crucifix, 'an emblem of sad and noble truths; that pleasure is not an end, but an accident; that pain is the choice of the magnanimous; that it is the best to suffer all things and do well. I turned and went down the mountain in silence; and when I looked back for the last time before the wood closed about my path, I saw Olalla (the Victorious) still leaning on the crucifix.'

"My brave, manly boy, keep your trust in God, and live always as becomes one who counts himself, as I know you do, the blessed and pardoned child of the Father."

Another month passed; then came this letter: "You can guess how much I have been thinking of you and your struggle these last two days. You know how much I want to help you and to bring you the spiritual help you need. . . . My dear boy, do not worry, do not belittle yourself. You have been always a manly, brave fellow in spite of it all;

only keep on. I hope you will agree to do as I asked you. . . . Let me know, if only by one line, how it is going with you. Oh, dear boy, you know where my heart is and what my wishes for you are, and that I am asking God to do for you what I cannot do and what you alone can do for yourself. . . . I have been thinking of your friends, the ones you love so much. They are a pillar of iron, a wall of brass, to you, if you will only count them so. No one need know your struggle, yet you may put your back to theirs and fight the better."

A month later he added: "As to the struggle we have talked about, you know what my thoughts are. Let my friendship help you. Let the knowledge that I have been through the same tempestuous battle help you. God is the friend of strugglers and His best hopes will prevail."

The victory was won, decisively, completely. It is not strange that this man to-day counts Atkinson his best friend, for all time.

In the parish the winter of 1896-97 brought a wholesome growth. "I got well rested," he wrote to Allen Rice during the winter, "but

my work is always so pressing here, that rest soon wears out. I cannot let up this year, but I hope for an assistant next year; then it will be different. This week (and you may judge) I have had four funerals, two weddings, over sixty callers (*i.e.*, seven days back), two sermons, two addresses, seven other meetings, and have made about twenty calls, and written (by hand and typewriter) over fifty letters. Except for the funerals and weddings this is only an average week. Do not think I complain. Every moment of it is joy to me. Even as it is, I fall far short of what I should like to do for my Master. I am only telling you, that you may see that it is almost impossible to practise what I preach to you on the subject of overwork. . . .

“This parish grows more and more to be part of me, bone of my bone and flesh of my flesh. I am getting to be loved in spite of my shortcomings. My personality is being understood. But with the new people and the growing familiarity of the old, my time is all taken and it is hard to get a word or a moment for you dear ones of Springfield.”

During the summer he wrote to Gilbert,

summing up the work for the year: "I can speak to you very frankly," he said, "and tell you some of the gains I feel I have come to as a minister. First, I think the personal element has grown. I mean I have the shepherd's feeling as regards the individuals of my flock.

'The deaths ye have died I have watched beside,
And the lives ye have lived are mine.'

They are especially my people. How it helps the work! Pastoral visits, criticisms, confirmation work, Holy Communion, preaching, all seem so much more real and worth while. It's really blessed comfort, isn't it, after you have been loving the world in the abstract so long, to be able to love and to be loved concretely—to think that people come to you for this and that because you are you, and you are therefore something particular to them? I think you know what I am driving at, though I grant it is vague. I thought when I was in Springfield, in my innocence, that I had come to the joy of the ministry, but only lately do I feel assured that the real joy of it has come to be mine. Second, preaching. I think I have improved in every way. Woe is

me if I have not. Anyway, it's more fun than it used to be. I hate to let my pulpit go even for one service, and—it's a fact—my people have brought me to that fame as to inquire at the door if I am to preach, and when I announce plainly that I am to take a certain service, the church is full to the doors. I am trying to follow Dr. Greer's way of preaching a sermon. I scarcely ever write one out fully. I try to get lots of material and much enthusiasm, and rather let the English take care of itself. It's poor enough that I am doing, but the gains are: real fun in doing and comparative ease in preparing. Third, Holy Communion. This has been my true pride and pleasure this year. Real, serious, pious, churchly, practical teaching and exhortation. As a result, the whole church almost comes to Communion, five or six times as many as formerly. I enjoy my Communion preaching more than any I do. Things have prospered as I never dared to hope since I began the work of the Church of the Ascension. And when I ask myself why, I find the answer here—Holy Communion. Every ounce of effort here brings pounds of results everywhere else. I know that you know and

believe this, but you may be interested in my test of the principle and its absolute proof. St. Andrew's, Sunday-school, Guilds, finances, Confirmations, G. F. S.—everything has gained by it.

“There are losses: still behind in parish visiting; still too much ‘busy over many things’; still too much on the surface and too anxious for numbers.

“Reading? Allen’s ‘Continuity’ once more, Palmer’s ‘Odyssey,’ James’s ‘Will to Believe,’ Lowell’s Poems, Kipling, Kenneth Grahame’s ‘Golden Age’ (beautiful: get it), etc.

To another he wrote: “*Quo Vadis?* The Lord brought a sickness upon me, neuralgia of the stomach and ‘overwork’, that I might read this glorious book. It filled me with preaching material, and above all with a fresh realization of the beautiful spirit of Christianity. It somehow gave me my reckoning once more—told me the true polemic—that Christ best recommends Himself by what He is and by the sweetness and love which He alone in all history has been able to inspire in men. Thank you for suggesting it to me.”

“Have you seen notice of Daniels’s sudden

death?" he wrote again. "He was a good fellow. I always felt safe with him at the Advent. I am awfully sorry. Mr. Parks has resigned the archdeaconry. The Bishop is finer, finest. My basement is to be extended. Tell me carefully who would be a good assistant for me. Must be good worker, fond of boys and the poor. Tell me instanter. Finis: I've got to shovel the paths."

Meantime, he was serving (as only he could serve) old friends whom he had known for years. "Why do you write so many letters, when you are so frightfully driven?" a parishioner asked him one day. "Because," he answered, "only so can I keep close to my old friends. I can't go to see them; I must write. I have friends that I love so much I could just eat them up for the love I bear them."

The spring of 1897 one of his high-minded friends left a home of comfort to seek his fortune in the West. He was a disciple of Henry George and was eager to make the world right as soon as possible. Atkinson, being himself a Christian Socialist of the sort of Maurice and Kingsley, loved him not only for his long per-

sonal friendship, but for the ardent daring of these later days.

“Kansas! That’s what interests me,” he wrote. “I hope, in spite of some uncongenial things which one has to meet in some form everywhere—even in Boston—you are going to find it to your liking. . . . Do not wait to look around too much. You are now like the hero of Kipling’s last story: dropped into a place where you are going to take hold, notwithstanding a soft bringing up. And it’s a hero you’ll be. I am proud already.”

Several weeks later he wrote: “Your letters are fast attaining the continued-in-our-next pitch of excitement of the story papers. Do keep it up, old man. I cannot help thinking of somebody or other’s ‘Postals to my Son,’ in which you learned the father’s vicissitudes in the West by the varying tone the different epistles took on. So your busted balloon is to become a flying-machine bound for Arizona. The science is all in the landing, as Darius Green told us long ago. Here’s hoping you may come down with grace and unbroken bones.

“I believe you’re coming out all right. Your

letters sound brave and happy in spite of tragic details. I am sure you will soon get on the right track. It fills me with great hopes still to think of you 'out there' *carving out* your fortune. It's a shock to learn that fortune's nuggets are not buried in mild cheese or soft soap. I suppose your hard, uninteresting Rockies are a symbol of what's got to be overcome and a token likewise of the grit and firmness necessary thereto.

"I like the \$200.00 paper—lay reader—little town in Arizona idea. You put things so charmingly every time that I get hypnotized. So go it alone, but reckon always on heaps of love from me—and *an unlimited confidence and belief*—for what they are worth. . . .

"Boston is quite itself this spring. Still going to lectures and recitals and getting nothing done. I am as always very busy and happy and *thin*. I love, and broaden my love, I trust, more and more as the days go on. If I don't, may I curl up and die."

A fortnight later, another letter started: "First let me tell you that I have been to Concord and had a most delightful sojourn with your mother and sister. I did not make the

best appearance, because just as I crossed the bridge a small cloudburst overtook me. The cloud was small, but the burst was huge, so, though I sprinted for the house, I arrived drenched to the skin. But their good attentions soon put me to rights again, and we spent hours in discussing and loving you.

“I learned of your experience at Phœnix—saw a copy of the paper, and was charmed by your successful efforts at doing what the Phœnicians do when you are at Phœnix. To-day I learn from your mother that your hopes are in ashes once more and that you are looking for another kind of Phœnix. . . . I would try the Pacific, from Los Angeles up to Tacoma, before giving up. Every experience is making it easier to stand the vulgarity and cheapness and to be keen for the right opening, if any such thing exists for you in that El Dorado. Don’t give up yet awhile, old boy. The joys of the East will keep till you return to them. . . . I wish you could be here for the Shaw Memorial. If I go, I shall be all eyes and ears for us both. My life is the same happy plodding you know.”

From his summer holiday in July he wrote

again: "I was awfully glad to get your letter. Lucky it came before the gold find on the Yukon, else I should have pictured you there. . . .

"So you are at Milwaukee. I am here in the woods and mountains not far from Chocorua. Your uncle William wrote me in June to take some of my vacation with them there; I wanted to go, but I was afraid I should have to be on my intellectual good-behavior. I needed the restful quiet of less psychological palaces. I prefer August to July as a vacation, so do the other clergy of Emmanuel. Therefore I had the choice of giving them August and taking July, or of taking July and giving them August. You see where such freedom of choice lands a fellow. It landed me here in Freedom, N. H., (no pun intended,) on the day before the Fourth.

"Keep your courage, old boy. The patience you need has sprouted."

After returning from his holiday in August, Atkinson wrote: "Such has been the rush of things since I returned that I feel like a magnet set upon by innumerable iron filings. I wish I could get demagnetized.

"Your letter warms my heart and stirs my enthusiasm. But I am not so sure of your proposition. . . . If it means working day and night in back-lots and among humble people, and its main effort is to get something done, I say go it. But if it means your chief work is being an agitator and 'talker'—just putting a new creed on the market—I say hesitate. Has the movement men of *will* as against emotions and vocabularies, men who themselves, single-handed, will *resolve* upon a course and immediately show those who care to look that they have *started* out upon it? I believe Debs is a worker. In that he is greater than Henry George. Bryan is a worker. F_____, Bellamy, all of us Easterners, fail somehow to incarnate our principles into action. If you can *act*, I say God bless you and let you go—to become a god too. The heathen were right—the gods rain and thunder. They *do* things.

"I am sorry I cannot be more definite. Don't think I am afraid of fanaticism. I'm only afraid of inaction. Let somebody die game, as John Brown died. The sheriff said to him at the scaffold, 'You're a pretty game man,

Captain Brown.' 'Yes,' was the reply, 'so my mother brought me up.' Lovejoy and W. L. Garrison were cranks. Success only made them (in the world's eyes) heroes. I wish we could make success a duty. If you go into it, you must be willing to succeed the way Brown did—and that means being a fanatic and 'game' to the end—which often is appropriately death."

A few days later another long letter sped on its way: "Your two magnificent letters are here," he began, "and I have read and re-read. Oh,—, old man, come into the ministry. It's not a palace, many are the cracks in the roof, much is the rubbish on the floor. But it's a place for work—a place for dying 'game.' 'Where love is,' etc. *Come*. It's the same profession Jesus took. Man can live and *die* like Him in it still. It is a platform for all the dearest hopes and highest ideals of men. Come, study for it, be ordained—then think how much you can do, what blows you can strike, for a cause like that of the Social Democratic Movement. . . .

"The world is tired of voices in the wilderness. You must have your hand on the

plough, before the tongue can speak and be listened to.

That's why I'm in Clifton Place. That's why I can't imitate so many agitators who just agitate the air. Things—houses, carts, streets, men, institutions—must be shaken. And you can't be much to them unless you somehow get *into* them. Perhaps it oughtn't to be so, but as a minister, in a Church, in the name of Christ—the world being as it is at the end of the 19th century—one *can* get down to the heart of things. That is, if one wishes (not wears a uniform and keeps proclaiming how holy and broad-clothy one is) and tries.

"I sincerely believe the Church's credentials help to all this. People want credentials—the voice of one speaking with authority. The Church's reality may be very muddy and weedy, but the ideal is noble and of heaven. In the name of that ideal, let's work. I challenge you to show me any man or institution which has pointed so truly and holds so persistently to the Good, True and Beautiful as Christ and His Church.

"So, — dear, stop being a failure. Get a sheet anchor. Fasten to the biggest and most



CLIFTON PLACE IN BOSTON. MR. ATKINSON LIVED IN THE FIRST HOUSE ON THE RIGHT, WITH THE WIDE AWNING OVER THE DOOR



A CORNER OF MR. ATKINSON'S STUDY AT CLIFTON PLACE IN BOSTON. HERE HE RECEIVED HIS PARISHIONERS AND FRIENDS

excellent thing you know. Get a firm foundation. Make a mark. Have a trade. Cut loose from Blue Hill kites and the like. Stick to the vulgar and horrid, for there is the divine. Remember the awfulness of no profession. I love you, —, oh, so affectionately—so I speak nothing but sincerity.

“When my time comes, God willing, I shall be worth something in the fight. Why? Because I dared to take the Church’s wrong and the Ministry’s weakness for the hope of getting the pure metal of hope and love and God which I believe is buried there. I may fail. I certainly shall only do little. But they’ll not call me a rolling stone, a wanderer, a visionary, a spiritual adventurer. They will say: ‘He took things as they were and tried to make them as they ought to be—*took things as they were*.

“Even to fly kites, you have got to stand on land. So, —, soul of my soul, come to try the footing I’ve found. . . . The Church is the solution. I’ve thought so all along, but was afraid you’d think my judgment narrow and biassed. It’s the whither, whence and how. It gathers all the other answers up and holds to what is good in them. Go. Be brave

and patient. Win the profession. Then come and we'll strike together. It's not long. Do consent. . . .

“The hope in which we parted will bloom and blossom now. Oh, the future! It is so full and bright. God is with you, the Man Jesus is with you, the Spirit leads aright. . . . Oh, the joy there will be among the angels of my heaven when you say you have determined on the Ministry.”

Profoundly moved, the man could but gaze at such a life as Atkinson had sketched for him. But he felt that his work lay elsewhere. Atkinson was disappointed, but he acceded to a clear conscience: “I am sure now that you are at work,” he wrote a few weeks later, “and—I suppose you are right: the land you occupy *is* a trysting place. Clough was, is, right:

‘And not by eastern windows only
When daylight comes, comes in the light,
In front the sun climbs slow, how slowly,
But westward—look!—the land is bright.’

I hope ‘the land is bright’ out there; for the East, Clough’s other lines seem truer:

. . . ‘The tired waves, vainly breaking,
Seem here no trivial inch to gain.’

"Canon Gore is coming in October to stir up the Church Social Union, and I am hoping for inspiration to come with him to us all.

"My work is still the great opportunity of my lifetime, and I am happy in the fight. —, I believe more and more in the Christian solution—not Christian, but Christ. It would be pretty hard, if it weren't for Christ. He did it, and we can: lose our lives to save them and others. The philosophy is simple. Each man to work until he drops, giving his life vicariously, until the whole world has given itself for all the world but itself—a strange paradox but a simple philosophy—and out of it comes Love and the great Awakening which is Eternal Life. Yes, cling to Christ, the example of Christ. The marvellous thing is that Christ came back to life again. In that He was, is, unique. So there is a Church, and a Religion, and a Christianity. But, after all, that's the reward side of it all. It tells us: 'Yes, give, give, and you will get it back.' Resurrections are marvellous and, like dreams and supernatural things, they make religions. But where I love Christ most is on the other side of Calvary; when it was all hazard and He was a

man and God because He did so much, *dared* so much; gave up His life without counting on any other victory than the one which would be His only when it would be all mankind's. So won't it indeed be an awakening when all the great dear men of the world fighting the enemy will suddenly look neighbors in the face and say, 'I was trying to win for *you*'—and the neighbor to say, 'I was fighting for *you*'? Then it will be the Kingdom of God. The enemy will disappear almost as if there never had been an enemy—of course, there was an enemy, a *real* one, but his name was 'All-the-Fun-I-can-get-for-Myself,' and the other fellow, whose name was 'All - the - Good - I - can - do - for - my - Neighbor,' included him in the Kingdom of God too. So there was no place of 'poor damned souls.'

"Well, I must stop. Theology seems like coffee when I get a-thinking in a certain way and my conceited brain insists on being fish-skin and clearing it all up.

"Well, the last word of this and every thought and hope I have for you is Love. So there we'll leave it."

CHAPTER VII

THE THIRD YEAR IN BOSTON

VERY early in his work in Boston Atkinson saw need of three things: a parish house, an assistant minister and an enlargement of the church-building. In the fall of 1897 Emmanuel House was established at 1900 Washington Street, three doors from the Church of the Ascension. The work which had formerly been done in the basement of the church was transferred to this more convenient building and accordingly much enlarged. Atkinson's labors were increased, but his heart was lighter: work he longed to do was getting done. There were in the house a gymnasium, a carpentry shop, a shoe-mending shop, a library, class-rooms, an assembly room, a laundry, a dining room and a kitchen. There were two Boys' Clubs: the Fair Play Club for little boys; the Emmanuel House Boys' Club for older fel-

lows. The little girls had a sunshine club; the older girls were members of the Girls' Friendly Society. There were a Choral Society, art classes and temperance societies. All these were in addition to the conventional guilds found in all parishes. About one hundred volunteer helpers assisted Atkinson in the work. They came chiefly from Emmanuel Church, then from the student body at Harvard. Boston University, the Boston Normal School, the Normal Art School and the New England Conservatory also sent helpers. It was the centre of the most thorough institutional work in Boston. Yet when invited to speak on institutional work before the Episcopalian Club, Atkinson said sharply that he merely endured institutional work. He lived for one thing, and that was his Sunday morning service. If people were enthusiastic about coming to church, they were apt to be safe, body and soul. If they were indifferent to it, religion was apt to be dead in them. He ridiculed "consecrated shower-baths"; he objected to the pompous boast of other speakers that they had "leading bankers," "leading society people," engaged in their mission work. The

principle was only in a man's ability to help his brother; he was to be praised for that gracious help, not for the station he held in the world's eye. "For," he concluded, "if you get your eye close enough, you'll find there are no slums in Boston." He was not dazzled by the buzz and hum of work-a-day activity about the Church of the Ascension. He was thinking about the silent growth of Christian character, expressing itself in wider love for men and God; and for that alone he cared.

Early in the fall of 1897 he wrote to a friend who felt that Atkinson ought to be getting away to a field where he could influence more people with his appeal to the mind: "I am dreadfully afraid," he said, "that you and I differ as to the hard work of the ministry in these times. I doubt if it is the intellect of the wise and well-to-do. I know the wise and well-to-do are more easily led religiously than the people I have to do with. Here is prejudice and misunderstanding and wilfulness. To live here consistently, as I aspire (but have failed so far), seems to me, as I face it day after day, much more difficult than any other crusade I see opportunity for. Frank, honest ways are fear-

fully necessary here. All others lead to ruin and the grave. It is the realness of the fight which makes it so interesting here and so worth the trying. I tell you, however, I often ache for the other battle you describe. I know its hazards, too, and what its weapons must be. When my time is come, I hope the Lord will let me try a little of it. Here I confess brick-bats and pitchforks seem often more at hand than blade and bullet, and after much handling of the awkward weapons you yearn for the sharp, clean work of the keener tools. But, dear boy, it's all one warfare. The Lord of Hosts needs us all, and many are the trysting places. . . .

"I know no news. I hope for an assistant. Would you dare to make a big effort and get a man like Herman Page with me, or go it with a recent graduate? . . .

"The Bishop has just told me by his own hand that he is coming to me on Easter Sunday evening, and I take it as an omen of the whole winter's work.

"I have got at last to preaching, quite like myself, without notes at all, at all. It depends, I find, upon the preparation. Of course you

know that, but — gave me the impression it depended on the inspiration of the occasion—good congregation, nice weather, feast day, etc. If I have my material and the sequence well in hand, I find the words take care of themselves. And there is no doubt of the effectiveness, is there? Even the illustrations come of themselves and the practical bearing; and the funny thing is that when I feel a little stuck salvation comes not in embellishing what I have said already, but escaping to another idea (though sometimes it is a non-sequitur)."

About this time he confessed to Carroll: "I'm awfully poor; spend too much in my work —some months 40 per cent. I'm going to stop.

"Kipling is meat and drink to me. James's 'Will to Believe' is fine."

October found him in Buffalo at the Convention of the St. Andrew's Brotherhood. "Oh, Ned," he wrote to another friend, "I was at Buffalo. Never shall I forget the sight: 1,400 men all letting their lights shine; all manly and boldly asserting the Christ rule of Faith and Love. . . . The last minute Mr. Parks dropped fatness upon me—worth \$50.00, and off I went; he made me go, though I thought

I had not the time. . . . It has put new firmness and confidence into me. We are all right, Ned. We are on the right track. Jacob Riis said these 'Politicians are awfully afraid Christians will live up to their religion'; 'The masses trim their sails to the prevailing winds, *we* must make the winds'; 'The "boss" follows the path of the majority, we must blaze the path for them'; '“Charity covereth a multitude of sins”—yes, indeed it does—what we want is to get them uncovered'; '“Love one another,” yes, that's the right remedy, only sometimes it seems as if the prescription had been lost.' Canon Gore said, 'Trusts, perhaps, are providential, for it's easier to cut off few heads than many.' Canon Gore was against 'cheap optimism,' 'competition,' said the self-made man was made chiefly by society, only about a tenth self-made. Gore is on our side. Oh, but there is a lot that's not in the St. A.'s Brotherhood—still talking glittering generalities—not willing to puncture the present order with consistent living. . . .

"My work never rang truer, and barring my own black heart there is not a shadow upon it."

To a discouraged friend he wrote this fall:

"Oh, come, and talk it over in this hut of mine! Love and ideals shall make it a palace—shall make it one of the stones on which may rise some of the walls and high towers of the City of God. . . . I am sorry for the set-backs, but they must come; they are like the mumps and the measles of our boyhood, somehow necessary to our growing to be men. As for not being understood, youth never is by its elders—especially if they are relations. As for the rampant brother editor, kill him as St. George killed the dragon, and liberate the land. It's a rough business, but you must do it: don't have dragons around your horse's feet.

"As far as I can see, Christ leading me, there is but one way for the world to come out—His way. Suns rise and set for it to come so; men are born and die for it alone; the spiritual follows the natural, the unseen the seen, the ideal the real, in perfect prophecy of victory. I propose to be on that side. It's a calling in which allowances are made for the weakness of the flesh and the non-accomplishment of impossibilities. Physical energy may fail, men may cease to help, the world may harden its heart, but God will lead His endeav-

orers to ultimate victory—a victory which would be denied even Him but for the pressing forward of such as we toward the mark."

To one of his Springfield boys he wrote: "Poor Newell—I think of him a lot. What fine things he said in his diary: 'The sun went down like a god bowing his head'; 'Make Thou me pure and clean as the frosty stars.' "

Again, to a boy expecting to enter Harvard: "There are no bath-rooms in any of the Yard dormitories. You bathe only in the vacations; saves time, soap and many other things."

To the same boy he wrote again: "I know of people who work too hard and get very much run down in consequence. There's a fellow living at 1 Clifton Place who has to take tonics because he tackles too much. He's a fool and doesn't know any better. You are wise—get A's and all that; so do not be foolish. Let up. . . .

"You are humble. Keep so. He is the hero who achieves much but acts and carries himself as if he did little. You are doing well, but I cannot resist warning you against the only fault (vanity) which would spoil it all."

Atkinson was making the effort to get an

assistant, but the men who were called were not free to come, and with the exception of three months, when his friend Bennett came to his aid, he was alone for another year. The strain was severe.

“One word of sincerest love,” he wrote in February, 1898, “before I go under. I do love you, and it is joy and peace to me. But I am working too hard, and cannot help it. What shall I do? It is fun—I cannot complain. It is walking with Christ—I can only thank God. But it is fasting to one hungry, nakedness to one almost in rags. Oh, for a wild, devilish vacation of feasting and fine raiment! No, my love for you and Man and The Man tells me I am already in palaces and at tables bending with bounty—and I am glad.

“You love a fair woman. Shall I not rejoice with you? I do. Bless you, old boy, and do not give up. Do not grow to be the lonely old man I am. . . . She is a beautiful soul—noble, simple, Greek. I yearn that you may win her.”

One of his parishioners with the right spirit was anxious to do the work of the ministry.

He was working his way through Mt. Hermon, and Atkinson was trying to get for him work under one of the missionary bishops, that he might continue his study and work at the same time. "I have just written," he said, "to seven missionary bishops, and you'd better begin to pack. I can't tell you whether you will land in Southern Texas or at Circle City, or whether you will have negroes, Indians, Esquimaux or plain white people to teach. . . .

"I hope you got Mr. Moody's carpets up and down to his liking. Doubtless on that one event alone depended the success of his New York mission, so closely are all the events of a great man's life linked together. I am not sure that this is sound philosophy, but I fancy it is Mr. Moody's."

The summer of 1898 Atkinson spent in New Hampshire. "I have been on a two months' vacation," he wrote to one of his old friends. "My work—you know the spirit in which I speak—has become elephantine. The Bishop tells about that he had to begin service before the time because no more people could get in and that E. L. A. is working himself to death. Dr. Donald and the Rev. F. T. have each

lately gone out of his way to praise me, and I bask in the sweet smiles of L. P. With the Parish House, all this progress of the barometric kind has come. The world, sick for results, can see, feel, hear and smell Boys' Clubs, Art Classes, Cooking Schools, etc., etc., etc. But you do not fool the little fellow himself—the mouse in the mastodon. You know from your own experience, however, the secret joy and affection which is coming up like the leaven hid in the meal, from the people themselves, and how after all we labor for the best things not in vain.

"I am spending hours here on the Lake and in tramping and riding. The rest of the time is given to fine books. I had to give up the harder work I planned—like going over certain epistles and certain philosophical works in University style—and take to easier things. *Had to*, I mean, when I appealed to common sense. So voilà: Koestlin's Luther, Michelet's ditto, Villari's Savonarola, Hell and Purgatory in Norton's Dante, Keats and Shelley (*every* word), Stedman's Nature of Poetry (3d vol.), The Ring and the Book, Fisher's Reformation, Romola, The Newcomes, and little more. It

has been a rich treat, and I have tried to do it in the right spirit. . . .

"P. S. Not a word of war, and I have already lost dear friends and have others in jeopardy."

CHAPTER VIII

THE FOURTH YEAR IN BOSTON

THE fall of 1898 brought two satisfactions to Atkinson's personal living. The first was the discovery of a remarkable housekeeper, who, with mature judgment and an unselfishness equal to Atkinson's own, made the house in Clifton Place a real home. The lower floor of the house was now converted into a pleasant dining-room and a room where people could await their time to see Atkinson in his study. One of his friends who had been coming to the Ascension for some time graciously selected for him his dishes and table linen. "He gave me a sum of money," she said, "and asked me to buy all the linen he needed for the breakfast and lunch table. It was such fun. I hunted through the shops and planned to get all I considered necessary for dainty living; and when all were laundered and ready, he came out, and such fun as we had looking the things over!"

He carried all home in a big box absolutely radiant over the prospect of living with the small comforts and refinements of life down-stairs that he had always had about him up-stairs—after all these years of putting up with things and going out to most of his meals!" The same friend gave him some glass candle-sticks; these always adorned his tiny dinner-table: "because," he wrote, "they are so cheerful; they give you a cozy feeling of gathering round a fire-side." His marriage fees were often applied to the enlargement of his domestic equipment: his housekeeper used her judgment and good taste in adding whatever the fees would permit. The whole house, in spite of its simplicity, had a certain air of elegance. The brass knocker gleamed on the door; within, the restful color on the wall, the white paint, the books, the pictures, the order and dignity everywhere, invited to peace; and the dreary little "city back-yard," Atkinson, by digging and planting, had transformed into a miniature bower: great castor-beans hid the fence with their grateful shade; quaint flowers that delighted him as a boy grew here in profusion—candy-tuft, coreopsis, portulaca, nasturtiums.

It was joy to him to look out of his bedroom window of a summer morning to "see how things had grown," and he would report playfully to those who knew, "My nasturtiums are doing well, but my candy-tuft is late this year." All summer long this garden furnished flowers for his table. It was cheap living in a very humble street, but it was all beautiful and refined. People could see for themselves how one could be poor and yet live well.

Atkinson's second satisfaction for this fall of 1898 was the coming of two of his Springfield boys, Allen Rice and John Williams, to be freshmen at Harvard College. The friendship grew and deepened. "Your loyalty to me," he wrote to Allen Rice just before the term opened, "is a great joy, but like all happiness, it has its shadows, and the one here is that I am afraid you think of me more highly than I may be able always to be equal to. Yet so must life be: love must always be at work painting its friends in the colors and shapes which affection alone thinks out—and the best prayer we can offer is that our loved ones may be worthy of the ideals we draw for them.

"May there never fall any cloud on our

friendship; may years only make it richer and nobler; and out of it may we learn to do more for others and love them more, so that at the last we may be reckoned among those who left the world a little more cheerful for their living in it."

These Harvard friends not only helped personally, they helped the work. Most of all, they helped in carrying to success the large boys' club of two hundred members. The following year Marston Leonard, another Springfield boy, came to Harvard, and he with his friends, Rice and Williams, became a constant guest at "the Vicarage." Ordinarily the three of them remained after morning service to dine with Atkinson; Allen Rice, without fail. At the dinner-table they always talked over the sermon, to Atkinson's delight. After the evening service, where they helped in the ushering, they came again, often with many others. The cheerful talk rested Atkinson, weary with a hard day's toil, and it often lasted till midnight. During the talk Miss Roe, kindest of housekeepers, was wont to have a supper ready for them. Tuesday evenings, when ten Harvard students managed the boys' club

at Emmanuel House, Atkinson always had two of the "managers" at dinner. To one of his classmates who asked him to look up a boy, he wrote: "I am looking up your fat friend. He is a very popular young man at Harvard, and I am sure I shall be quite flattered to have him at dinner. I have over thirty guests a month, so you will have to excuse any little delay. I am already on his track, however, and will soon have him."

During his first year at Cambridge, Allen Rice came to Atkinson to tell him that he had decided to be confirmed. Atkinson was so happy that as soon as his guest had gone he wrote him a letter: "x + y words to tell you how your words to-night settled one of the fondest desires I ever had. You cannot guess how it satisfies my affection for you. To think that, regardless of all the cant on the part of Religion as a whole and all the shortcomings of E. L. A. in particular, you will come out and take the name Johnnie and I are trying to live up to, adds the capstone to my long and deep-founded love for you. I am glad, too, chiepest of all for yourself—not that it saves your soul (you could not lose that if you tried),

but because it unites you to the greatest Ideal the world has ever known and makes you at once a member of the highest calling there is —a follower of that Jesus of Nazareth, a worker with Him to bring in the Kingdom of God—the only profession you and Johnnie and I, physician, engineer and clergyman, can hold alike and together—and the only one which can keep us always joyous, tender, loving, brave!"

Early in 1899 Arthur Bumpus accepted a call to become assistant minister at the Church of the Ascension. Atkinson's spirits rose accordingly: this was the second ideal he had for his parish—the securing of a permanent assistant. "I am in fine spirits," he wrote to his brother Fred: "a nice letter from you, full of your good old self; a ten dollar wedding-fee just (4 o'clock) received; Bumpus hustling, and taking big loads of work on his great shoulders; everything going well (best January in every way our church ever knew); and Eddie coming to dinner. Here he is.

"Later: Eddie sent love. We worked on the *Guardian* accounts; my trust expires tomorrow. I am rushing to get things so planned

that Bumpus has his share. I have to clear up old jobs. It is fine to put so much on his side of the bed. Chiefly will belong to him (I holding only a corner of the sheet) Emmanuel House Classes and Clubs, Sunday-school, the Leaflet, emergency cases and the correspondence involved. Also he will take half of welcome meetings, half of early services, three-eighths of preaching and his share of the visiting.

“Of course, my ideals have never been lived up to in the work now left to me. So I shall work as hard as ever, putting in licks on that, but with joy and satisfaction and sans impatience, sans irritation, sans awful feeling of so much left unattended to. On this way of working I shall grow fat.

“You can guess the change by this: I dine with Mr. Parks Friday night; address a Convention Sunday; spend Monday at an Alumni meeting in Cambridge; dine with the Holdens Monday evening.

“Mansfield’s ‘Cyrano’ is the sensation of the hour here. Cheered and cheered to the echo. I do not believe I can go—seats, \$2.00.

"I am going to *read*. . . . I shall read those things you spoke of."

On the cost of hearing Mansfield hangs a tale. Atkinson, as soon as he had received his salary on the first of the month, at once paid all his bills and then had what was left for charity and personal needs. The first Saturday night of this February, 1899, an excited messenger, a girl, came to tell Atkinson that her brother had been arrested: she wanted Atkinson to go bonds to get the poor fellow out over Sunday. Atkinson dropped his sermon and was gone for the rest of the evening. Monday Atkinson appeared at the trial and pleaded for the man: he had stolen clothes, but it was his first offence, and his mother was an old parishioner. The fine was fixed at thirty dollars, and Atkinson, with seeming cheerfulness, paid it. But he was really rather blue when he got home. All his spending money was gone and there would be no more for a month. And Mansfield was coming, and he did wish to see him. But, though for the most part the inconvenience remained, he did see Mansfield after all; for a friend sent him a ticket.

He was apt to go to the theatre once or

twice a month, especially if he were very worn, or if there were something especially fine. He almost never went alone, but invited a guest to go with him. His invitations were apt to come at the last minute and were characteristically informal if to one of his cronies:

" 24 Oct.

" Mr. Jones, I mean Brown, I mean Smith, cannot go with me to the INDIAN GAME. Will you go as my guest ?

" Yours faithfully,
" The Man with the Dough."

During the Sunday nights of Lent he always had special preachers, and the most distinguished clergy of Boston and Cambridge were glad to come to his aid. They always came early enough to have tea in the Vicarage before the service, and great was the astonishment often to see the exquisite taste of all the appointments in this bit of a house on a noisy street. "The Russian candle-sticks!" they would exclaim to their wives when they reached home—"the beautiful whiteness and gleaming of everything on the table—the droll pictures on the wall—the study crowded with books

and photographs—the host so honest and so charming!" They no longer smiled when Atkinson headed his letters "Clifton Palace."

The Church of the Ascension did not minister simply to the people about the church. Dr. Pratt was wandering up Washington Street one hot Sunday night in August, and almost inadvertently dropped into the church. The congregation was small, owing to the heat, but there was a unique reality about all that Atkinson said and did, and there was a response from the congregation that was almost thrilling. So he came again and again; and at last Atkinson began to know him, and each became to the other a very dear friend. "There are friends and friends," Atkinson wrote to him one day. "We are always on the watch for the rarer kind—those who 'understand.' Those who understand our work, our hopes, our efforts, 'mid many and great dangers, ourselves not alone as we shabbily are, but as we gloriously *wish* to be, and some day, by God's help, may be."

So, two gentlewomen coming to live in Dorchester wandered about from parish to parish till at length one morning they came to the

Church of the Ascension, and there at last they felt they had the church they had been seeking. Ever after they were devoted parishioners and helped the work in many ways. It was not only the sermon, good as that was, which helped. Atkinson gave his attention to each detail of the service, and with his organist, Mr. Shackley, who was in hearty sympathy with him, he could carry out his ideas. He insisted that the *Venite* should not be droned out, and the congregation so wet-blanketed that the Psalter be spoiled beforehand. "A choir-master's test," he used to say, "should be what he can do, not with the *Te Deum*, which always goes well, but with the *Venite*. . . . I scandalized my congregation once by omitting the *Venite* for over a month. My plea was that we should have it back as soon as we were ready to make a worthy use of it—that there were greater sins than breaking rubrics. It was refreshing and truly *exultemus Domino* when it was resumed in the service again."

He was also careful to choose the hymns himself. "Hymns," he said, "should be judged like the 'Six Best Selling Books,' by actual trade. . . . I keep a list of hymns

classified—of great favorites, of worthies and half worthies; and use them in proportion of ten, five, one. I regard it one of the most precious privileges the Church has given me, the canonical right to choose my own hymns. I know my rights, and shall, organists and arch-organists to the contrary, maintain them to the end."

All through the service, therefore, people felt themselves catching the Vicar's enthusiasm. Every stranger remarked upon the roll of the responses and the spirit of such hymns as "Fight the Good Fight," "Ancient of Days," "Ten Thousand Times Ten Thousand," and "Oh, What the Joy and the Glory Must Be." Dr. Parks always said that he never heard "I Heard a Sound of Voices" so well sung anywhere else. And a poor woman who had worked in a box factory for twenty years was wont to say that the hymns she heard Sunday at the Ascension stayed in her head all the week. The sermon was part of the service. "The sermon," he said, "must (to quote the boy) have a good beginning and a good ending, and not too much middle; love and sympathy are more convincing than syl-

logisms or flowers of rhetoric; and a sermon is a sermon, and finds its counterpart, not in the magazine article or the lecture, amusing or academic, but in the discourses of the great company of preachers who, without shadow of turning, from Christ's time, have told His story for men's gain and good." "Under his preaching," said McAllister, one of his Brotherhood men, "I have sat with hands clenched, almost ready to burst as the life stirred in me, in response to his call; and coming out from the service I would be as a drunken man. . . . He rose in the pulpit one morning and gave as his text, 'All is vanity, saith the preacher.' 'Now, I suppose,' he proceeded, 'the quickest way to answer that statement is to say, It's a lie!—and he proved it."

He was once delivering a course of Sunday evening sermons on Love. He had been explaining how the force at the heart of the universe was wholly beneficent, quoting Stevenson, "God doeth all things well, though by what strange, solemn and murderous contrivances"; and Browning's

"God, Thou art Love:
I build my faith on that."

On the last night he was reaching his climax, and all the people were intent. Suddenly there entered the church a lunatic whom Atkinson had helped. He perched himself on the back of the last pew, and leered at the preacher over the heads of the congregation. The poor, maimed life was a vigorous argument against all the preacher had said. For a moment Atkinson wavered; he began to feel the blackness of despair in the fallen member of the race whose very vacancy challenged him. But he was sure of his ground, the vision of God's love absorbed the hideous picture before him, and he finished with a burst of triumph. He felt that he had seen the worst and yet believed: and many others, ignorant of the sad spectacle, heard his words and saw his face and believed with him.

It would be hard to describe the face of the preacher. His was a face which no photograph could reproduce, just because it was so perfectly the medium of his eager spirit—always living, always translating by infinite expressions his ideals and his love. He came into the pulpit—as he marched through the church behind his choir—serene, simple, unconscious



EDWARD LINCOLN ATKINSON AT THE
AGE OF THIRTY-FOUR, FROM A
SILHOUETTE CUT IN BOSTON, DE-
CEMBER 14, 1897

of self, fresh, vigorous, radiantly happy. People knew at once that he was there for a purpose and were consequently on the alert. He placed his watch on the unguarded rail of the pulpit, and he was so quiet that it was in no peril. His fine hands seldom moved in gesture: it was as if he scorned to use them. Some people thought that he looked like Savonarola; more likened him to Emerson. They tried to describe the sweetness and homely strength of his plain features, and then would say that, in his most earnest moments, the physical face seemed to melt into the mists, and they believed they saw the face that would survive—the spiritual face—so changed, so transfigured, so glorified—yet the face of the man they loved.

His relations to the St. Andrew's Brotherhood were always intimate. He was one of the recognized leaders in New England, and stood with Mr. Robert H. Gardiner and Mr. Edmund Billings in the forefront of the work. His own chapter was one of the strongest, giving at last McAllister to the general organization. "We were in his study that night," writes Mr. McAllister. "Always a cantankerous lot, we were on edge with the help of a vehement young

Englishman whose specialty was prohibition, and whose flow of denunciation swept away order, business and all hope of anything but a scrap. As he paused for breath, Atkinson leaned over confidentially and put one hand on the orator's arm, saying, 'There, there: "where's my wandering boy to-night?"' The tone, though of course humorous, was of gentle inquiry far removed from sarcasm, and brought us all to our senses."

The annual parish fair held each December interested Atkinson, and he always saved ten dollars to spend at it. Besieged at the door by the young people to pay before he entered, he would solemnly put down a penny, declaring that a cent was enough for so cheap a show. Now that he was housekeeping, he ordered here the linen for his table, and good friends sewed and embroidered. He felt some compunctions about getting what he really wished: it didn't seem to be the ethics of parish fairs.

His home life was now more regular. He had breakfast at half after eight. Then he would read his paper, read and answer letters, and plan for his day. If he was not beset with visitors at once, he then went out to make sick

calls and to look in upon Emmanuel House. His office hours were from twelve to one, but people came all day. Miss Roe always kept a record, and discovered that the average was sixty-seven a day. One Monday the bell rang one hundred and twelve times, breaking all records; she often had the hall, dining-room and kitchen full of people awaiting their turn. These people were rarely absolute strangers; those he did not know personally were generally sent by his parishioners. They came from as great a distance as Cambridge or Dorchester. There were wives who told that their husbands had run away; and husbands to explain that their wives were not doing right. A certain number of pensioners were weekly visitors. He rarely gave any money; never for house-rent. He would help to get groceries, but where needs were so great, he felt that the landlords could better afford the loss than he. The rent was regularly paid, however, for some aged parishioners. When the case was profounder than mere physical need, when it was sorrow, temptation or sin, he was always tenderness and hope. Like a real physician, he was eager to know the whole case, yet he never

pried, and he was never horrified. At some frightful manifestation, he would say, "That's pretty bad; now let's see what we can do!" He was like the good surgeon who is so intent on healing that he does not tremble before the awfulness of the disease.

At a quarter after one Miss Roe insisted on his dropping everything and sitting down to his solitary luncheon. Then he would take a nap, sitting in his chair. "Excuse me," he would say, "just make yourself at home for fifteen minutes, and I'll take a nap." So in a twinkling he was asleep. He had cultivated the valuable habit, and it refreshed him beyond measure; he could hardly have done his work without it. His visitors were apt to continue all afternoon, but if he could he went out between three and four to make calls himself. He tried to call on every parishioner once a year. One afternoon each week in seasonable weather he tried to be in his canoe on the river. Besides walking from house to house, it was practically his only exercise. He was at home for dinner at a quarter after six, when he ordinarily had from one to three guests. If he went out for dinner, he was apt to be at home by nine to

meet some parishioner who could not see him in the day-time. Saturday night alone was kept for his sermon. It was astonishing how well he preached, with such constant activity and so little solid reading. He was generally so tired when he was alone that he beguiled himself with his scrap-books, where he had pasted odds and ends that had interested him: here were Stevenson's Prayer, Kingsley's verses, Kipling's new verses as they had appeared, besides an almost interminable assortment of jokes.

His brother Fred and his Bishop worried about his not reading more. He admitted that he ought; but when could he do it? Fortunately he was a student by nature; he was thoroughly equipped at the start; he lived among both cultivated and uncultivated; he read life, therefore, with wide and accurate intelligence. After all, he read more than most of us.

He had interesting kinks in his personal ways. There was one special kind of razor with which alone he was able to shave. When he wished to buy a tie, he always bought a dozen, none of which would be worn out. If a friend suggested malted milk on going to bed, he bought

not a sample, but a five pound jar for his experiment. He never bought one sponge, always two or three. He disliked, one suspects, to trouble a clerk for a trifling purchase: he liked to make it worth his while. At times his clothes, though always scrupulously clean and well pressed, would look worn: it was an indication that he had given his best clothes away, and the "personal fund" was very low. Through most of the Boston days he was constrained to buy ready-made clothing; but once in a while he would think it over and go to the best tailor in town and get everything. He kept lists of the people to whom he felt he ought to make gifts at Christmas, and gave usually good books, often expensive ones. But for himself, all these years, he bought scarcely a book; yet no one loved a new book more than he.

If possible, Atkinson felt a greater interest in Harvard than ever, now that "his boys" were finishing their freshman year. July 2, 1899, he wrote to Allen Rice:

" ' Glory, glory for the Crimson,
" " " " "
" " " " "
For this *is* Harvard's year!"

"I never saw such a week in Boston. Every one is crazy with joy. I went to two Pops. I couldn't go last night, but they say it smashed the record. . . . My, I am glad you have had such a freshman year. No class anywhere ever did chess, whist, debate, shooting, tennis, golf, *football, dual games, rowing and baseball!* You should have heard the yelling the night the crew won. Poor Strube will never forget it. How they roasted Yale! 'Here's to poor old Yale, throw her down!' etc., etc. Once they cheered for Yale, and it made the hit of the evening.

"I went to my Class Dinner, Graduates' Night and Commencement. Of course Sampson and Wood and the French Ambassador got great send-offs. Prexy, too, who showed that Harvard beat the record and got one and a quarter millions last year. So, all in all, it has been a great week here. I think outsiders have been glad too. Harvard! How can any one go anywhere else?"

August 3, 1899, evidently after taking five or six steps from one end of his house to the other, he smiled and wrote again to Rice: "Miss Roe is gone. I am all alone in this big,

BIG house. I get my meals at Lunches-taken-out-to-put-up places.

"I still have several sick calls to make and 57 (by actual count) letters to write. Then I am going to Reading for a few days and down to the beach for a few days; then I start on a trip up the Hudson, then Adirondacks, up the St. Lawrence, etc., etc. . . .

"Tell Charlie I enjoyed every minute of his visit and was sorry I had to run off to Camp. As for you, you little imp, I love you."

CHAPTER IX

THE FIFTH YEAR IN BOSTON

AFTER a pleasant journey through Canada with a friend, Atkinson settled down in September, 1899, to another year of hard work. "Milady of my dreams," he wrote on September 3, "has not come yet, but I am waiting. Alas, waiting! I do not refer to Miss Roe, who, however, arrives Tuesday, and I shall forsake the restaurants for another year."

To a friend to whom he had not recently written he began: "Dearest Patience: 'I know thy patience.' Like virtue, it is its own reward. I'll throw in a letter as a sort of chromo.

"First news (no gossip): Hoopes has another baby, a girl; Edwards has enlarged his church again; Torbert and Rousmaniere are used up; Ayer, Holyoke and Southborough are on the market; Dewart is married; Bumpus is a * and E. L. A. is happy and well.

"Why didn't you tell a fellow you were com-

ing? Why didn't Harvard beat Yale? Who's the new Bishop of —? Why shouldn't — go? Suppose — goes! Dr. Abbott asks me to preach for him, so does Rousmaniere, so does Billy Thayer, so does R. Parker, so does Mattapan and Mudville. Bumpus *is* a *, just the man for the place—and the work is booming.

"Why didn't you let me know? I do, did, so want to see you. I like Smith very much. He is of the right stuff. I often think of your basking by the fireside of your fine house. I toast my toes there too and rejoice.

"The Twenty Club smiles to me. — is less mighty and his proud stomach delighteth less to annoy me; — speaketh and — speaketh and — is no longer silent.

"Dear old fellow, I love thee. Believe in all these sweet telepathic messages you get from me. They are mine and genuine and I am thine."

As early as 1897 Atkinson had spoken to Dr. Parks of the need of an enlarged church, but the Emmanuel people were already making plans for the enlargement of the parish church, and of course the plan for the chapel

was postponed. When Emmanuel was finished and paid for, Atkinson reminded Dr. Parks of his promise, and began the work with appeals to the people of the Ascension. By the middle of November \$470.00 had been raised in small gifts; and the next year the people of Emmanuel came to their aid. Atkinson was cheered day by day with the sacrifice of his own people to make the church more adequate to its work. One little girl, for example, was going a very long distance for milk that she might get it a cent cheaper. This penny a day went for the new church. It was such stories as this, of course using no names, that Atkinson recounted on All Saints' Day, when he read a list of what he called "the saintly acts" for the year—heroic acts within the parish which had come to his knowledge.

Christmas passed with its gifts, its beautiful church and fine music; and on the 27th he married his friend Edward James to Miss Cushing. "My little church will become a cathedral for that day," he had written. A few days later he wrote to Allen Rice: "If I live through next week, I am going to swear off preaching like a lyceum lecturer up and down the land.

I'll tell you my engagements when I see you: one is as 'University Preacher' at the Conservatory. I have had four weddings this week. Alas! to see so much fun and not to be in it! I am going to do better in the next century."

To another friend he wrote in the middle of January: "Your letter did me heaps of good. It is the best one I have had in years. I liked it above all because it was just like you. Excuse me while I read it again.

"Dear fellow, you make me bawl! How I long to see you! It gets ter'ble lonesome sometimes. I am thinking of the unlonesome times we used to have; once when you were the fairy queen, and other times when you were other things—but these are other stories.

"Plague take it, I can't come now—not before Lent anyway. I have just returned from a week's vacation and a proper time must elapse before I take another one. I am deep in work; stuck, I suppose, for two months at least. Confirmations, Bishops, Lents, Courses by Theological Professors, barn-stormings in country parishes, etc., etc., block the way.

"So you see I want to come. It's lucky I

cannot; for I would talk you blind and lame and halt and love you to pieces."

To a very dear friend, near by, he wrote the next week: "Here's a 'good-night' for you. To be sure, you will read it in the morning. Well, it will tell you that last night the 'dominee' went to bed thinking of you and praying for you and thanking God for you. Many's the night it has helped me to a happy rest to think of the rich prize in my life your name stands for. No wonder I wish for nothing but your happiness and pray for nothing but your welfare, and, —, if ever your life (or your joy) is in the balance, hangs by a thread, I pray mine may be taken in its stead."

Atkinson's ability to lose himself in his interest for another came out often in his letters to his best friends: it was a real love. But occasionally men saw it face to face. One of his friends writes: "I was shaken physically when I went to his parish, and during a long up-hill fight I found him always ready, sympathetic, brave, inspiring. One night, greatly agitated, I burst into his presence and found him poring over his work; and as he looked up with the old smile, it dawned on me that I was in the

presence of Love. Overwhelmed, I fled from the house, and it was a week or more before I could speak to him. After that he was a being whose existence was apart from mine. I could love him and try to serve him, but the real comradeship was denied by my own distorted self."

Lent came with its bad weather and many services. March 22, he wrote: "Drown cannot come Sunday night. Bumpus is also sick, thinks it is the grippe. So I am the only well man on the beach. I am going to preach three times Sunday. 160,000 cases of grippe in Boston—never touched me."

After Easter he was off for a few days' holiday, staying with some relatives who were especially dear to him. "It is needless to say," he wrote to a friend, "that I am here and how much I am enjoying being with — and his wife. I tell you, *they* love each other and are perfect companions and chums. They are happy, too. With all their outside interests and ambitions, they are self-contained, and for each the sun rises and sets in the other. They love each other, and besides, they like and love the same things. You cannot really have love,

perfect, blissful love, between two souls unless these two souls have nearly similar ideals and aims. The love of a man for a woman (if that love is to be a thing of beauty and joy everlastingly) and of a woman for a man must be mixed up with a third set of things—and lots depend on the nature of that third set of things. The girl I love must love not only me, but the same things I love. If she does not, then I am going to learn to love the things she loves—or else no love story and 'living happy ever after.' But what a tragedy it must be when either side has to come down to the other's third set! Whew! what a discourse!

"But, old fellow, it would make you think to live under this roof and at close view to a companionship so trustful and beautiful as this one. Don't you suppose they understand each other perfectly? Have they not told each other all? Have they not been glad that the story at times was almost bad because that made it human, and at other times that it was no worse because it helped them to cling to the divine? There is left somewhere for us all a heap of trust and forbearance and sympathy. No one of us needs ever to be quite bankrupt.

Perhaps some of us would never know what the best things in life were did we not wander astray and overdraw our accounts. Believe me, I did not intend to preach.

“At least, I was not preaching to you or to Johnnie (whom I love and preach to, too) more than to myself. After all, it is not so much the doing of bad things that unmakes us as not doing more good things. . . . I say to myself when mean wishes and low thoughts and selfish aims and ill-tempered acts get the better of me—Well, that lays up a big pile of wood for me to saw. I know I can clean it out only by hard work in love and sacrifice for others. . . . There you have it—my reasons for working hard day in and day out in Boston—trying to clear up that wood pile.”

In the spring of 1900 Dr. Fred Atkinson, Edward’s brother, was appointed Superintendent of Public Instruction in the Philippines. “In some ways,” Edward wrote, “I am glad; for it gives my brother a fine chance to do a good work. It would be shabby of me to show any unhappiness in the matter, so I am saying nothing. It is the great task Macaulay con-

sidered his chief one in India." He confessed afterward, "It is just another 'giving up' on my part." In June, after his brother and sister had started, he told of their fine letters from different places: "I am growing more brave as the distance is making it seem all so *got-to-be*. I am so happy in my work and station that it helps me to stand this which makes his work and station. You are good in your sympathy, which I *do* need." The barber who was cutting Edward's hair one day had read the news. "Well," said the barber, holding the shears aloft, "I suppose your brother can get you a good job out there now!" "Well," answered Atkinson, smiling, "I am pretty well satisfied with the 'job' I have here!"

On his thirty-fifth birthday his college friends united to give him some exquisite glasses for his table. He was always receiving gifts, but it always seemed wonderful to him that any one should think enough of him to give him anything. "The year," he wrote the next day, "has given me so many new friends and deepened so many old friendships. In middle life I am more successful than I ever dared to hope in the profession I call the greatest, etc., etc.

And I have a real brother in you—one who never belittles my work, who never lacks sympathy, who overlooks easily, who is always human, who never ties himself up in morbid, introspective bow-knots, but takes life as a healthy, manly fight. . . .

“You are a true friend, too, for I know what you have to put up with. I know that my personality, at its best, makes people for the time forget (I try to think so) my leading faults, my lack of grace, my pure, unadulterated homeliness. But you have seen me chiefly at the other times, yet your love wavers not.

“I think —— thinks often that the Vicar simply loves the fellows in place of not getting round to the wife that is to be. We have never discussed it, but I am sure he is wrong if he thinks so really, for I shall always love you just as much—and I shall be proud to have her know the good friends I have—especially you —the first of them all. May you see her over the same glasses some day—and that soon. But don’t you ever think I shall love you less or need and want you less.”

Atkinson always poked fun at himself for

what he deemed his plain face: he was perhaps a little sensitive about it. And there is no doubt he was awkward, but it was the sort of awkwardness that makes you love a man: tumbling over himself in his haste to be kind. One night, over his coffee after dinner, as he sat on a friend's porch, he was speaking of his brother, who had just sent him a letter from Honolulu. "Oh," he said, "he's such a great big, splendid-looking fellow!" Then he added quickly, in a solemn whisper, "You know I always said the Lord put all his time on my twin brother."

In a letter to Allen Rice he gave a list of the events from the 15th to the 28th of June. A few of the items will show how he kept up his Harvard interests.

"22d. Class Day. Didn't go. Rained like Yale.

"25th. 'go at the Pops. I haven't sufficient rhetoric to tell you what a gay time it was. See clipping.

"26th. Class dinner at Bellevue. Free fiz and other fizzy things. Best time I ever had of its kind. Over one hundred fellows and all happy. Had to wear dress suits, but five min-

utes after dinner began, all took off coats per order. Several were killed who hesitated. I left at half-past one, others later. You must see our witty menu.

"It boomed things some to know Harvard had won 3-0.

"27th. Went to Commencement and dinner. Briggs was cheered to the echo over and over again, and he made a great speech.

"I had 3 Weddings 3 in the evening.

"28th. The races were all right. We got the two we ought to get and missed the other just by Higginson's ill luck. No one is discouraged here."

The middle of July he wrote to a distant friend: "The first and middle and last of my message to you, so suggestive of a thunder-bolt out of a clear sky, is that the old heart in me still wells up with joy and affection when your name and faithful friendship come to mind.

"How are you? What is the best thing that is happening to you? Wasn't it fine that dear good Briggs got his LL.D.? I got a characteristic modest note from him on congratulating him. It would have done your loyal heart

good to hear the cheers he got at Commencement.

"You were like your thoughtful self when you named me for —. I get calls now and then, as I know you do. Mine are not so very flattering, although — would have been had I stood for it, and it would have been to my liking had I felt free at the time to consider it. Mr. Parks has at last burst into flame with his crimson D.D. I know he is very happy over it, and I am glad he got it. He deserves it and what Prexy said.

"They called me to Waltham, and the Bishop outdid himself by an affectionate and far-seeing letter of five pages. He said not to go, but at the same time characterized me, my work, and my future most encouragingly. . . .

"Bumpus is playing gawf at North Conway. — is below the horizon. — and — and — are now two each. — at — would that he had wings like a dove. Edwards is still succeeding—builds an addition once a month. . . . E. L. A. is happy. He has broadened his work in many ways in the year past, goes on the outside more. Bumpus is a trump: 60 confirmed, 72 baptized in last six

months; a rousing Sunday-school; 800 attended to at Emmanuel House.

“Dr. Allen is through with the *Life* at last and we are to have it with the fall books. I read something now every day—usually my letters.”

CHAPTER X

THICK DARKNESS

THE first of August, 1900, found Atkinson started on his annual holiday. He was spending a few days with his friend Herman Page just outside of Newport, but a slight trouble with his eyes suddenly became so painful that he drove to Newport to consult a physician. This was the first Friday in August. Mr. Page had a few errands to do on the way to the doctor's, and the pain was growing each moment more intense, but Atkinson sat in the carriage and said nothing. At last when they reached the doctor, he pronounced the case so serious that Atkinson must go at once to the best specialist in Boston, and he gave him a name and address. There was now nothing to do but to endure and to wait. He took the first Boston train, and made the journey alone. Not only was the pain the most intense torture, but he was blind; so, as the train drew

into the South Station, he employed a porter to lead him to a cab. In the cabman he found an intelligent helper, who drove him at once to the great oculist whom the Newport doctor had suggested; but, alas! he was off on his summer holiday. Some one then told him of an oculist in the Warren Chambers, so they drove off with all speed to find him—but he too was gone. Atkinson was almost frantic. A passer-by suggested Dr. Hunt. The sympathetic cabman led Atkinson to his carriage, and off they went again. Faint with all this agonizing delay, Atkinson heard the cabman's exulting cry: "He's in!"

It was now seven o'clock of this Friday evening. It was nine when Dr. Hunt had finished with his patient; and the treatment seemed to increase the pain, if possible, rather than to alleviate it. He could not tell what it was; but by questioning Atkinson's experience of the few days before, he decided that he had taken a diphtheria germ into his eye while visiting a malignant case. His eyes had for some time been inflamed; his finger had certainly touched the patient; and, afterwards, carelessly brushing away a slight irritation in his

eye, he had thus, doubtless, conveyed to it the germ.

The waiting cabman now drove Atkinson to Clifton Place, but everything was torn up to make ready for the painters; so he could not stay in his own house. He went then to Emmanuel House to find Bumpus, but Bumpus was out, and the house desolate. Hundreds of hands would have helped him, if they had only known, but it was a midsummer night and no one suspected a cause for staying at home. There was nothing to be done, then, but to go to The Langham. So, led by the hand like a child, he walked down to the hotel which had been his first home in Boston.

The doctor had told him to keep ice on his eyes, as the only possible relief. Once in his room, therefore, he paid the bell-boy generously and asked him to bring him more ice at midnight. The boy said that he would be up all night, and the ice should be brought regularly. So Atkinson lay down—but not to sleep. Before midnight the ice had all melted; and he waited patiently for the boy. At twelve the boy would come; in any case Atkinson must wait, for he did not know where the bell

was. Twelve o'clock came, but no boy—not even a step in the hall. Pain and weakness made him almost desperate; but still he waited. He became at last convinced that the boy had quite forgotten him; so he began his journey around the room, on his hands and knees, feeling over the wall for the bell. It seemed to be diabolically concealed; in his pain and extreme nervousness, he probably passed it several times. At last he found it. The careless boy came at length to ask what was wanted: he had altogether forgotten.

In the morning Bumpus came to take him to Emmanuel House, and three times that hot Saturday he drove in a closed carriage to Dr. Hunt's office for treatment.

Sunday afternoon he sent for Miss Roe, who came at once. And Monday he went to his own house. He was still making his three daily visits to the oculist, but the pain was constant and he had not yet slept. His brother Harry came, but no one else was permitted to see him.

Wednesday night he was worse: the pain seemed to consume him. Relief came Thursday; and Friday he was so much better that

between five and six his brother took him out for a walk.

Saturday was very hot, and company came, who, with all their kindness, woke him from a refreshing sleep, and excited him in his nervous condition. So he was again worse for Saturday and Sunday. In spite of the great heat, he could not be fanned; for the slightest breeze upon his eyes increased the pain. Miss Roe, with heroic patience, cracked ice day and night, and wished she could do even more.

Sunday night he went to bed about nine and fell asleep. At ten he awoke with dreadful pain, and was forced to call Miss Roe. From then until three he was worse and worse. Miss Roe, finding that her remedies were of no avail, went for Bumpus, who brought Dr. Hunt. Dr. Hunt came and changed the treatment, ordering hot applications—boiling hot—instead of the cold. All day Monday Miss Roe boiled the water and kept the bandages on his eyes; but there was no help in it. Monday night, therefore, the doctor again ordered the ice. There was now no doubt that it was diphtheria: the air of the room quickly told that.

Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday, this sec-

ond week in August, Dr. Hunt came three times each day. The treatment was Spartan to the last degree; and once Atkinson fainted in spite of himself. Every hour Miss Roe dropped five drops of acid into his eye. Once, in his delirium, he raised his hand to beat her back from him. Abscesses formed—everything seemed to happen that could happen to the human eye. Even the doctor despaired of his ever seeing again.

Every afternoon at four his brother Harry came from his office and staid with him till six, reading to him and writing his letters. "One afternoon," his brother writes, "a poor woman came to the door and said her brother was dying, and she wanted a minister at once. I could not find Mr. Bumpus, and Ned said, 'I will go.' I said, 'No; of course not.' He insisted and took my arm, and we followed the woman, who had gone ahead, across Washington Street and beyond, to a wooden house, up one flight, and into the dying man's chamber. He knelt by his bed and said prayers and comforting words, after which I led him back to Clifton Place again." Miss Roe, in addition to all her other ministrations, read to him the

Life of Bishop Hannington; and they would talk of the missionary hero, quite unconscious that they were heroes themselves.

His friends wrote him cheering letters, but most of those who could have read to him were out of town. Allen Rice was, as usual, taking care of the Ascension Boys' Camp at Plymouth, where he had under him twelve boys for ten days, then another twelve were sent him for another ten days, and so on till he had given five such "squads" a fine outing. To Rice's inquiries Atkinson replied through his amanuensis on the first of September: "Last Saturday a relapse began and brought with it more pain than the previous disease, and the doctor began his three treatments a day again—there is the morning and evening dressing and the noon cauterizing. I have been cauterized every day and expect to be one or two days more. The gain day by day has been very trifling, yet the doctor says we have found the path which will soon bring us out of the woods. On account of the relapse the doctor had to use severer re-agents, and the shock to my system has been so great that I have almost no strength at all. Yet I

am in pretty good spirits, and I am looking forward to being well again and seeing all of you who have been so kind to me.

“Miss Roe still sticks to the helm. I really do not know what I should have done without her.”

Dr. Parks was kindness itself. The first free moment after he heard of the illness he came from Islesborough to urge Atkinson to return with him to his country home; but Atkinson, with much gratitude, declined, deeming it wiser to remain in Boston. Other invitations kept coming; but he declined them all, till at last, on September 25, led by his brother Harry, he went to Springfield to stay for several weeks with some old friends there, who read to him, talked to him and wrote his letters.

On the fifth day of October Dr. Parks wrote to him: “I remember that before you went away you were foolish enough to think of returning here by the first of October. I am glad to find that you have not carried out this threat, but I have so little confidence in you that I feel impelled to write to you in regard to your conduct!

“Now, my dear fellow, it is of the greatest

importance, I will not say to you, because I imagine that argument would have little weight with you, but it is of the greatest importance to your work that you should not return to it until you are in thoroughly good condition to do it. . . . I am to see Bumpus to-morrow morning, and I will have a talk with him in regard to the best interests of the Ascension, and if he is willing, I hope to go and preach there myself on Sunday evening. If Bumpus prefers to do the work alone for the present, well and good; if not, I shall see that he has some one to assist him; so that you can have a perfectly quiet mind in regard to Bumpus. We shall not overwork him. So, my dear fellow, be very sensible about this thing. Think how great an escape you have had and make up your mind to give all the time necessary for a complete recovery. Above all, do not return to the Church of the Ascension until you have first come to see me. Perhaps I don't want you to work there any more! At any rate, you must, in this matter, do as I say. I do not think you can recall any other instance where I have said this, so that I hope you will be inclined to do as I wish."

Atkinson fixed another date for returning. "I do not think," wrote Dr. Parks, "that I shall agree to your returning to work as early as that. In fact, I like the work so much myself that I think I shall keep on doing it myself. I went up there Sunday night. Had a beautiful time. Sent Bumpus away and had the whole thing to myself. There was a fine congregation, the floor filled, and the gallery more than half filled. The singing was fine and I enjoyed every minute of it, and I hope the people are none the worse."

October 5, Atkinson sent a message from Springfield, "I am singing *Te Deums* because the pain is gone, and the doctor promises that my vision will be completely restored." But even after he had returned to Boston, unforeseen complications continued to arise. After more pain and anxiety he wrote to Allen Rice on the twenty-second: "Hurrah! I am getting over my third disease and the doctor promises on his word of honor that I shall have my final examination next Friday and that I shall go back to work the following Monday. I have been more in the dumps than I ever was since I came home, because Dr. Hunt's reports have

been so discouraging. Until this morning he thought he would have to use the knife, but he feels quite sure now that the danger is past."

October 26, he wrote to his socialistic friend: "You will be glad to know that I shall vote for Bryan. My brother's being at Manila rather impels me towards Bryan than otherwise. I know my brother approves of the present administration in every way and is a staunch Republican. If Bryan's election will send my brother home, I am sure I would not only vote for him, but buy a few votes.

"I am still helpless as regards my eyes, yet greatly on the mend. I have just come from Dr. Hunt's, and he has given me the prescription for my distance glasses; so on the strength of that, I am going back to my work next Thursday, though it will be a month more before I am able to read or write. I no longer suffer any pain and there is no longer any doubt about my being able to see perfectly when the eyes are really well again. The corneal ulcers, which have been the recent development, promise to go away under the present treatment and no longer threaten the use of the knife. You can guess that I am very grateful to come

out so well from such a serious experience, so I hope I shall fight a good many battles yet."

After the first of November he read his letters. The first Sunday in November he preached. He did considerable parish work from this time, but he did no reading (except letters) till January.

The whole experience was tragic. In his intense way he had said one morning in his study, a year or so before: "If I were told that I should die to-morrow, I should be willing to go; but if I were told that something would happen to cripple me so that I could not go on with my work—that I should be blind, for instance—I don't see how I could stand it!" The test which he deemed hardest of all came, therefore, this summer of 1900. When he was reminded of his former words, he replied: "Well, if I am blind, I will go on with my work—I will be a 'blind preacher'!"

In December he wrote to Carroll: "My eyes are doing well. The right one is still partly closed, scowley and rather inclined to look as if the Crimson were still winning football games. I did half-work in November, but the saw will buzz full time in December."

CHAPTER XI

THE LAST YEAR IN BOSTON

THE year 1901 started with a grateful return to all the old tasks. Atkinson was looking forward to the enlargement of the Church of the Ascension during the summer, since the gifts from Emmanuel and from his own people warranted it; and he little thought that he had spent his last Christmas as Vicar of the Ascension.

One of his boys told him of his engagement; so, at once, on January 9, Atkinson wrote: "You *deserve* her. That means a lot the way I mean it. To be manly enough and downright pure enough to presume to love—no one has courage to say that for himself. We all feel unworthy of the ones we love. But you must let me say it for you. You *are* worthy. It is easier to flatter than to praise a person. I never consciously flattered a person in my life. I shall not begin now. The highest praise I

have ever given you (and I have said it often) is that you are worthy of the best girl I ever knew. You would like to limit the remark. I wish to explain away no blots. Blemishes are blemishes and they cannot be chalked over after all, but where is the perfectly white bull fit for the perfect sacrifice? And who can better stand a few black spots than he whose real life is a life of whiteness? I believe in you as I believe in very few others. I believe you make a worthy lover."

Early in February he wrote to an old chum: "Your writing was a sight, a blessed one, for my eyes to rejoice in. Here's a bit of mine. Come and let's do the old things: talkee, talkee; walkee, walkee; sit in old window seats; call in the good old friends from Books and Harvard and the dear School itself. . . .

"Allen's Life *is* great. I wish I had the time to tell you the different opinions of those whom we love hereabouts. I'll tell you some time. The talk and thought everywhere is of nothing else than of that great man who turns out to be greater than any of us ever guessed —whose only secret of success was God and was great for no other reason than that he was

a genius. There is no need now to be envious of Phillips Brooks. God made him. Even if we tie up our sermons as he did and learn all about his note-books and simile hunts we can never be a P. B. He was great at 19. What a fool I was at 19, and what an ijit even now!

“My eyes are all right and you are a *fine boy*.”

To another old friend he wrote on February 20: “How is the BABY? And how are you? . . .

“It is Ash Wednesday and I have just come from a beautiful service with my people. The days go on and I am tied more and more to them. Soon it will be with hoops of steel, and there will be no breaking. It is an absorbing work—meat and drink, wife and children to me. Is it all wrong? Or ought I even to redouble my sacrifice and endeavor?

“It is a blessed thing to be a Christian by profession—to get paid for it, and thus to be taken out of the amateur class. I wonder if I could do so much were it all voluntary! It’s a lonely, Leper-Island life, more than people think; and yet it is a privilege to be doing it all the time, never having to stop as other people do to earn a little between-times.

“This is no news to you. This is:—I am *all* well; my brother is very happy in his work at Manila and is beginning at length to wear it like an old coat; my church is going to be built after all; Emmanuel House is having a better year than ever; I have been to sup at 168 Beacon Street, and with Mr. —— and —— for a beautiful evening at the Symphony; I am to preach little outside in Lent, had to refuse all invitations for once; Phillips Brooks’s wonderful biography is settling into my soul at the rate of an hour a day; . . . my work is at last fairly well cleared up; preaching is more fun than it ever was; Ferguson has written a great book—*The Religion of Democracy*; . . . Harvard, the Church, the Republican Party, are in the same old paths as when you saw them last; Prexy is in Europe, Bishop Lawrence is in Europe, Dr. Parks is in Europe—they all seem to be out of danger (of work) except McKinley.”

Eight days later he wrote to Allen Rice: “I never had so much to be grateful for—such friendships, such confidences, so much of God’s good work to do, Heaven never so kind to me.

“Do not tell any one of my financial flurry.

Clifton Place will soon be at ease again, and Wall Street and Threadneedle Street may go back once more to their lesser problems."

After Easter he wrote: "My Easter was a great joy again. In spite of the awful storm, hundreds were turned away: 61 were confirmed, and 20 baptized. The offering was over \$350.00, \$236.16 being for church enlargement. I never was happier. The church is to be enlarged at once—completed September 15.

"The Bishop returns soon. An interesting convention: new diocese or coadjutor. I say new diocese with Endicott Peabody bishop. . . .

"Harvard is changing in outward appearance so rapidly that *you'd* hardly know it. The School had a great Quiet Day with Drown—one of the best. St. Paul's won't sell out for \$1,500,000,000,000,000,000, or any old price.

"The Church of the Epiphany, N. Y., is looking my way again. What sayest thou? . . .

"Here comes Bumpus and I must get to work again—he may see me enjoying myself."

April 19 he wrote to his brother Harry: "Saw L'Aiglon last night. Had a seat in the sixth

row. Was thr-r-rilled thr-r-rough and thr-r-rough. . . .

"Did I tell you Mrs. Bunnell left me \$500.00? It made me happy to think I could be such a model boarder that the landlady would remember me in her will."

About this time, two strangers of distinguished appearance sat one Sunday morning in one of the front pews of the Church of the Ascension. Atkinson preached on Knowing God, and the strangers gave him eager attention; but Atkinson did not see them. After the service they waited to speak to him, but he did not come—for as he entered the robing-room, a father was waiting to ask him to go immediately to talk with his poor boy, who was committed to the penitentiary. So the strangers had no opportunity to speak with Atkinson, but they had decided that he was the one man on earth that they must have for the Church of the Epiphany in New York.

It was characteristic that he should be called away just before or just after service. One morning just before the service began he was suddenly asked to go and have prayers with a woman who had fallen from a window and had

been crushed on the pavement below. The strain of seeing her and of giving to her her last Communion was unnerving. He came back just as the service was to begin; and one of the choir men immediately pounced upon him to attack certain views which he had recently expressed in a sermon. It was a trivial matter to bring up at such a moment; it was the last straw; Atkinson's patience broke down, and he fell upon the man with a sound rebuke. In the service afterward he mentioned, in a general way, how hard it often was for him to maintain the same even exterior, for people could not always know what trying moments lay in the immediate background of his experience.

Charitable and hopeful as he was, he was sometimes severe. A classmate whom he discovered to be untruthful he dropped at once and forever: to be a liar was the blackest sin in his books. When a woman, through him, had borrowed money of another woman, and then took the debt lightly and refused to pay, he wrote her a fierce letter—mingled with such kindness as made its real meaning only the more evident—demanding that she pay at once

or make ready to meet the law. With professionally disagreeable people he had no patience. One day when a woman had been terribly annoying, a woman of the parish said, "She always does so—it's just her way." "Well," said Atkinson, "all I've got to say is that people are responsible for their *ways*!"

In May the inevitable call to the Epiphany came in due form, and Atkinson weighed it sufficiently to ask all his friends what they thought of it. With almost a unanimous voice they told him to go. The Boston work was wearing him out rapidly. Experts told him he might live for ten years in it; if he went to New York, he was good for twenty at least. It was a call to serve the Church in the largest way. The parish to which he was invited had, as he afterwards said, "a decent rich and a worthy poor." He could still use his Boston experience, therefore, to good ends, and he would have the immediate response to his most careful preaching. His Harvard friends, with youthful enthusiasm, begged him to go where he could help many as he had helped them. Dr. Donald's advice, perhaps, had most weight when he said that a man

fitted to be a professor at Harvard should not spend his life in kindergarten work. Dr. Donald advised him also of the risks: "I am sure," Dr. Donald wrote, "that you will do good work there; and I hope that you will splendidly succeed. I do not feel so sure of the success, for the reason that no man can prophesy with certainty what man is to succeed in New York City. I have seen the very best men fail, and mediocre men succeed. But, this aside, I am sure that you will mean to the Epiphany a power of good work and of moral influence and of regeneration. We ministers are tempted to work for the salvation of parishes: it is a mistake. Our sole endeavor should be to labor for the salvation of souls; that is, the upbuilding of individual lives. If the parish, as a parish, prospers, so much the better; if it does not, it is not significant. The decay of the parish is nothing: the strengthening of weak wills, the illumination of dim consciences and the inspiration of hopeless people, means everything."

To Dr. Parks, who was in Switzerland, he wrote at once, but, through a series of accidents, the reply did not reach him till the end

of June. From previous letters he knew that Dr. Parks would tell him that he might safely leave the Ascension in others' hands, but he did not announce his decision till he had received Dr. Parks's formal consent. Meantime, he said to his intimates, "No, I have not decided; but I am going."

"I am so sorry and so glad," wrote Dr. Parks, "—sorry first, because I am selfish. But indeed I am glad to think that this new work is what you want. I will not tell you what your loss will be—you would not understand. *But* when you are responsible for more work than you can do and find a man who does his share faithfully and cheerfully—who does not have to be prodded, but is always ahead of you—well, you will love that fellow! . . .

"Bishop Lawrence is right: other calls will come, but if this one gives you the opportunity for better work, go—and the Lord be with you."

Then came the telling of his decision to the congregation. By this time the church was torn up for the rebuilding, and the parish was worshipping in the little hall on West Concord Street, where, ten years before, the whole work

had been started. Atkinson had done his best to make the dingy room look like a church, but it was not attractive and it was oppressively hot. It was, moreover, a little out of the way, and was reached only by a hard flight of stairs. So, altogether, only the most faithful were constantly there. "It was here," writes one who was in the congregation, "that he had to tell the people of his having accepted the call to New York, and I never shall forget his face. It seemed to bear the burden of all their grief and need and his own yearning love. He had to stop over and over to gain control of his choking voice in his little talk which took the place of the sermon. He urged them to remember how people could be together in spirit though physically as far apart as the globe. He spoke of the man (who was it?) whose wish was that, after he had gone, people would say, 'How he loved us!'—so, he said, he wanted his people to dwell not so much on their love for him, but to remember always and say of him, 'How he loved us!' I remember how at last he turned away from us, exclaiming, 'Oh, I don't see how I ever *can* leave you!' Then suddenly he knelt down and remained on his

knees a long time; and the people fell on their knees and I think nearly all were weeping. Afterwards he shut himself up in his robing-room for fear of breaking down."

His summer vacation he spent with an old chum and his wife in the Adirondacks. Day after day, week after week, they drove, walked and rowed. They tried to read aloud, but he was always stopping the reading to talk. He talked of Maeterlinck, Stevenson, Whitman, and the rest; and then, in another vein, of Kingsley, Maurice, Chinese Gordon and Brooks. The only cloud in his bright sky was the thought of leaving the Ascension. "Boston," he wrote, "and my dear people are in all my dreams, waking and sleeping." And then, speaking of the impending change, he added: "I would throw the whole thing up if I could. It seems to me God is giving me in my life every test of loneliness."

Returning to Boston in September, he prepared himself to finish his Boston work. "My new church here is beautiful," he wrote. "I could not go into the New York one. I went up to it and began to weep like a baby. So I turned back."

Nor did he forget his old-time friends. To his friend Eliot White, who, he feared, was working too hard at Worcester, he wrote: "My chief word now is the old one of love with a new sombre tint (so full of love, too) of care about your health. Do not worry all over; let part of that good make-up of yours rest while the other works; head, heart, nerves, body, must not go it all at once all the time. Seek repose, dear Eliot—say that for one day you will *only* read, or go to the woods, or only muse. I want to talk about this when I see you. I *know* how to burn the candle at both ends and how to make life one long, sweet buzz-saw. Please, if that is your aim, let me tell you how to do it with deathly certainty."

He was profoundly moved by President McKinley's noble resignation in his death, and in the light of it all wrote, September 21: "Here I sit before the western sky, thinking of you and of things which the rumble of human voices (with now and then a word or a whole phrase escaping), coming up from the street below, sets my mind on. How I want to talk with you! Oh, we must not live so much apart. I have just been reading in some

old bibelots—there were so many thoughts rushing in and breaking against my empty life. Not empty of work, let us be candid, but empty of indulgence in friendship. How I have always loved, and yet kept back. I seem never to be with my dearest friends. Always counting on the eternal day coming. We are now *in* the eternal day. Can I not have more of you? Why go to New York to be whirled with the thousands, if I cannot pick you out and be with you more?

“There is such a melody between us, too. Oh, never have I known before (awkward) all that shell-song you and I hear so easily—precious because all friends may know it, yet precious because so rarely listened for. And do I not think of that sweet, palpitating, golden-haired string which makes sweet music for you, and you have let come generously, so generously, to me? How it laughs with its healthy song as I listen now for it from that hill-top!

“You have given so much. Can I not talk more and listen more? When can I see you? Come here this week or let me come. Say which.

“I speak, preach, to-morrow on a few things

the events of the past two weeks have put into italics: The witness of that majestic death for love and God-love. The things which have made us all kin in these precious days. The optimism of service and affection. How we lesser ones can bear our witness too. Needs not a President. . . .

“‘I was some time in being burned,
But at the close a Hand came through
The fire above my head, and drew
My soul to Christ, whom now I see.’

To bear our humble witness, a beloved martyrdom; then the ecstasy! at the close to see the Hand come through. ‘Christ whom *now* I see’—ever to be able to say that.”

Atkinson found it almost hardest of all to leave his Boston children. As a friend said once, children were nearly dazed by his affinity for them—they gravitated to him by a sort of fascination. To his own nieces and nephews he talked as if he were a child himself, and he was always selecting books for them. Once he was trying to influence a man to a right life and went to his home to see him. “I found there,” he said, “three of the dearest little

children you ever saw. What could I say to that father? I just put my arms around those dear little children and I said, 'If God had blessed *me* with such children as these, don't you think I'd fight for them, and work for them, and be proud to!' At another time, when giving out notices in church, he asked for one or two volunteers to help the regular teachers at the kindergarten at Emmanuel House, where there were so many children that it was a real task to put on their wraps and start them for home. "Why," he exclaimed, with sudden enthusiasm, "I'd like nothing better myself, if I had the time! I'd just love to put on their little jackets and tie on their little caps for them!" There was reason why the children should love him; and they did. One of them, quite of her own motion, always included him in her prayers. She had called him "Big-tall-man"—a name she kept to the end. "Bless," she prayed, "dear Big-tall-man, and take care of him and make him well and strong and happy and fat—and jolly in the morning." Then she always whispered something, quite under her breath. At last her mother asked her what it was that she whis-

pered. "And make his hair grow," was the reply. After he went to New York she added: "Keep him safe and bring him home safe to us." And she prays it all still.

But all came to an end at last. The people met him in the Parish House to say good-by. One read a poem, simple and sincere:

• • • • • • •

"Good-by ! the love, the grief, the vain regret,
The cherished hope we knew and feel are met
In that one word, so old, so sadly new—
Alas ! alas ! that it is ours to you !"

• • • • • • •

And then came the last service together in the new church, when by a pathetic accident the lights went out just as the choristers and clergy entered the chancel. He directed the placing of the lamps, swiftly, and then went on with the service. "After all," he said, as he addressed the people, "it is fortunate that we have so little light to-night. It is easier for me to say the hard words I am saying, when I cannot see the faces of the people I love."

CHAPTER XII

THE YEAR IN NEW YORK

MANY kind letters from the New York Vestry—especially from Mr. Russell, the Senior Warden—had warned Atkinson of the fine year that was before him; but even so he was not fully prepared for the real welcome that awaited him. On November 5, 1901, when he had been in his new parish five days, he wrote: “It is the whitest crowd you ever saw. They met me at the hotel and took me to a banquet at the University Club. It was a perfect feast of good things. They *said* such bully things. The next morning I received a check for \$1,000.00 (one thousand)—perhaps you don’t see! THOUSAND! ‘Advance payment,’ they said, ‘for the first quarter ending January 1’—thus throwing in a month’s pay for October.

“Friday night Fess came to dinner and we saw the *Messenger Boy*, which was very funny.

“Saturday night I dined with the Russells.

Saturday noon I had luncheon at the University Club with a vestryman. Saturday morning I saw Bishop Potter and received a warm welcome.

“Sunday morning I got through well, though was nervous. The church is beautiful beyond anything I imagined. Not large; it seats 650; a smallish chancel but pretty, and a fine chancel window and a good pulpit. A fine reception all round I received. Must tell you some time. Carl Burdick and Bugbee were there and six or eight other old friends.

“Monday, Dr. Huntington, the greatest rector in New York, came to call on me. . . .

“New York is a humming place, but I am trying to keep cool.”

After another week of work and observation he wrote to his brother: “The choir is very poor, so the service is poor and cold. The congregation is not large, but increasing, very attentive and hospitable looking, and a lot of manly men. The evening service is the abomination of desolation. But you wait! The Parish House is beautiful and beautifully kept, but small. The sexton is a star and the parish visitor very, very nice.

"So many and celebrated clergymen are calling upon me that my head is nearly turned. I have got to work hard, but, oh!—such intelligent coöperation—I say and it is done—such willingness to be led and directed—such little fear of 'hurting feelings'!"

Another week passed and he wrote to one of his Boston friends: "This is a church like no other in New York—a quiet, country, home-like, family-pew church, right in the district of clubs and hotels. You can guess it is a church after my own heart. If I can keep cool and quiet and make it go, I shall end my days here. It is not a fashionable church in any sense, though it has hosts of fashionable people and the quieter members of loud families. It is fine. I am impatient to get ahead, to make more marked its exceptional and beautiful characteristics.

"My apartments are rather more dashing than I wished. But they look as if they could be made very pretty and homely. The wood is white enamel, and I shall have shelves as at 1 Clifton Place. For this, much praise! The Colonial furniture (which you are selecting for me) will be the right thing."



THE CHURCH OF THE EPIPHANY, NEW YORK

November 26 he wrote to Allen Rice: "There are simply no words in the English tongue to tell you how I feel except '22 to o.' If any one does not know how that feels, I am sorry for him. Every Harvard man does. It is a joy to make one laugh, and honestly, old Allen, it made my tears come too. I was down in Stanton Street, the crowdiest community on the American Continent, visiting the Pro-Cathedral Mission. When I got on the car to come home, a dirty, fat, ill-dressed mechanic sat down beside me and pulled out an evening paper. It was then about half-past four or nearly five. As I looked over his shoulder I read, 'Harvard is tearing up the Yale line like paper.' I said to my friend, 'Has Harvard scored?' He said, 'I don't know; I am only six lines down.' Then a gentleman across the aisle poked me with a cane and said, 'Harvard, 17 to o. First half.' I said I was a Harvard man and hardly ever missed a game. I was so happy and with no one really to talk to that I got off the car and soon found myself walking up the Bowery crying like a baby. I should have been there to see, but I can stay away forever if we only win every time.

"So I am feeling 22 to o.

"Fess writes, 'Come to dine with us: I'll tell you all about the late unpleasantness at Cambridge.' "

Dining with a parishioner immediately after this, he won the hearts of the sons of the family by talking constantly of the game. The women tried to turn the conversation; but in vain. For two hours the boys kept him at work with his thrilling descriptions of the men on the teams and their heroic plays, till the women themselves also became enthusiasts.

He was ordinarily (except Sunday and Wednesday, when he had a service) at a parishioner's dinner-table each night. At Mr. Russell's he was a constant guest, often sitting with him in his library till late into the night. Both Mr. and Mrs. Russell soon counted him as a dearly loved friend, and were glad that their young sons evidently adored him at first sight; for, as the boys grew fonder and fonder of him, the parents dreamed what it would mean to have such a hero in the flesh to be a friend and example through school, through college and into the life of the world. So it must have been in many homes. Boys were already gath-

ering about him: they played ping-pong in his big bedroom; they cooked in his chafing-dish, and set hot things on his mahogany tables, whereupon he groaned inwardly and soothed their worried feelings. He had asked all the Sunday-school children to speak to him on the street; a few days after, a very small boy rushed up to shake hands. "Do you belong to my Sunday-school?" asked Atkinson. "Oh, no," was the answer, "but the fellers said you liked to shake hands: so I thought I would!" He often complained of the good manners of the urchins in New York. "In Boston," he said, "they used to shout after me, 'Donkey,' 'Long Ears,' 'Daddy-long-legs,' or something friendly, but here they don't even notice me."

Among the gracious acts of his welcome to New York was a dinner which Mr. Russell gave in his honor, at which Bishop Potter and the rectors of the larger parishes were the guests; also another dinner was given by Mr. Nichols of Holy Trinity, where he met many of the younger clergy of the city; very soon, too, the Harvard Club held out a welcoming hand. A week before Christmas he wrote: "My people

are simply grand—such hospitality, coöperation and appreciation you never saw. I no longer have to pay for dinners, and the quickness with which I am becoming acquainted is wonderful. I am far from a howling success, but things are picking up.

“I have preached the best the last two Sundays, and all sorts of undeserved good things have been said. Last Sunday it was the Priesthood of All Christians; the Sunday before, What the Bible Is. The Sunday before went well, too—Jerusalem which is from Above is Free. I am happy, but I am so lacking in confidence in myself, and I know how bad, bad, bad my quick, nervous utterance is, and how my first impression upon people is always bad. I never was so conscious of my gross upon gross of limitations.”

December 27, he wrote: “I had such a blessed Christmas . . . and then I had such a helper in my Christmas-day service—a sort of Prince Curate. Who should come unlooked-for and unheralded but Bishop Potter! In robes and scarlet hood he marched behind me. He took the Communion Service and made some remarks to the congregation. (He spoke

of me and of my coming from Boston and all so friendly.) I preached: 'And we Beheld His Glory.' . . . Bishop Potter was nice about it all; the congregation was very large and the service much the best that we have had. It did help a lot: it made the people so happy, and it made me feel at last that these were indeed my people. The offering was \$800.69 (Brag) . . . But I do miss Boston and my dear friends there dreadfully."

Toward the end of January he went to Boston to deliver the chief address at the Children's Missionary Rally in Emmanuel Church for all the Boston Sunday-schools. He preached at Beverly in the morning, at Emmanuel in the afternoon, and at the Ascension in the evening. It was at the children's service that he told the story of the small girl which has gone through the Church: he once met, he said, a little girl carrying a heavy baby: "Aren't you tired," he asked her, "carrying that heavy baby?" "Oh, no," she answered, "he's not heavy—he's my *brother!*!" It was one of the real stories he had told All Saints' Day at the Ascension a year before. After this great service he was talking with the Bishop and

other clergy in the robing-room, when some one came to say that the Ascension children were gathered in the chapel and positively refused to stir a step till they had seen Mr. Atkinson, though the other children were scattering by hundreds. Atkinson said afterwards that he felt as St. Francis must have felt on coming back to Assisi. Those who could not get near enough to get his hand tried to touch his coat. It was the first welcome home to his old parish. "There was a magnificent congregation at Beverly," he wrote, "and the 2,000 children at Emmanuel were inspiring. But my real triumph was the service at the Church of the Ascension in the evening. It was packed to the doors, and they all walked over each other to get at me, so that I felt like a saint. I never had such an ovation. The boys said it was all the congregation could do not to applaud."

Monday night he read a paper before the Twenty Club. Taking for his subject the Sunday morning service, he exposed with droll force the mistakes whereby the Sunday service is made death to enthusiasm and religion, and, with the ardor of a simple reverence, he showed

how easily it could be made the divine thing in a man's week. Bishop Brent carried his praise of the speech to Atkinson's brother in Manila, and Bishop Lawrence joined the departing missionary in amazement that a subject so old could be made so fresh. "I think I never had a better time in my life," wrote the grateful Atkinson, "but there was a nasty anti-climax: I came back to New York with an ulcerated tooth, and for a day the agony was equal to the old eye trouble."

In February he wrote: "My things are going beautifully. The church was *almost* packed yesterday and everybody is saying I am a success. Of course I am far from it, but it does look encouraging."

One of his parishioners was beginning to suspect that in spite of much dining out and much work, his life was lonely and crowded with formalities. So the second time she invited him to dinner, she asked him not to dress; and he wrote with appreciation, "It will be one added joy and quite Boston-like to come without war-paint." After that he went to that dinner-table informally, usually from an hour to half an hour before the time fixed, and would

sit in the dusk chatting. The drawing-room was a small one, with but five chairs. There was a long, low stool between the windows, where the hostess always sat when she had guests. After his third or fourth visit, Atkinson discovered this, and used always to go for the stool, on which he looked like some gigantic grasshopper. When urged to take a more comfortable seat, he would say, "No, you can't have it; it makes me feel like one of the family." This same genial hostess says that he had an amused contempt for feminine interference in civic affairs. She one day brought him a notice for the Parish House Bulletin Board. "What is it?" he inquired—"oh, I see—another of your civic things! All right! I'll stick it up—the board is so full that it probably won't be noticed." On another occasion she asked him how the sewing-school was coming on. "Splendidly," he replied, "it's a great work, great work." His hostess said that she had always thought it the least interesting of activities; whereupon he leaned forward and said with the same enthusiasm, "*Deadly* dull; don't see how anybody can do it—but it's a great work, all the same!" She asked him how

he liked a certain energetic girl: "Well," he answered, "I'm a hustler myself, so I prefer another variety on my afternoon out!" Inviting him to a tea one afternoon, she put under the "4 until 7," "Come early if you can, as I want you to meet a friend who will be here." He arrived at four and stayed till seven. As he was going he said, "What is the name of that man over there?—he's coming to the Epiphany soon." Telling him, she expostulated: "You have been talking shop? I wanted you to play." "It's been play," he said. "What's that hymn the Unitarians sing—

" 'Rope them in, rope them in,
Rope them in from the fields'?"

One of his traits that delighted both host and hostess was the natural way he answered any religious question: there was no attempt to argue or to influence, so far as one could see; with a subdued excitement he said his convictions as if he were thinking aloud: one knew that it was all real and vital to him. He suggested to these two warm friends that, when a year later he took possession of the Rectory, they take the two upper floors. "But it isn't

arranged for two families," was the objection: "think of having the ice go upstairs just as the senior warden came to call on you!" "Oh," said Atkinson, "that's perfectly easy: you can have a rope and pulley outside your kitchen window and have things go up from the back yard!" One summer evening he wore a new suit, and they exclaimed at his many fine clothes. "I never have many *at once*," he explained; "somebody always comes along who needs some, and it's pleasanter to them to take mine than money to buy new ones, so mine never have a chance to wear out." This had been a practice throughout his ministry, especially when a man was seeking a position and felt himself too shabby to stand before an employer.

In May he wrote: "I am in good order, but I am rather tired from an overdose of parish calling. I have called on every person living west of Third Avenue in my parish. Now I shall begin to call on the East-siders, whom I know I shall enjoy. I have had to give so much of my first year to the swell side of my parish that I am a little homesick for the humble people. I have got my new choirmaster and he

is a comfort. I am looking for an assistant: do you know of a nice nimble-footed, healthy-minded fellow who would be it? I have a perfect parish visitor. So if I can hump myself a little, success may at least wink in our direction next year. My people are the salt of the earth: I have so much to tell you of them. Up to the present time I have been holding my horses; now I can let them go."

Little as he felt he had done for the less prosperous in New York, he had already become to them what he had long been to the people of the South End of Boston. They felt how deep was the sympathy in his tender ministrations to their suffering; his willing feet were in their streets; and they tell to-day of his smile and of his word. And yet, because he wished to do so much more for them, he felt that he must have neglected them.

To his brother he wrote: "I have made a bold plan on my debts. I owe in loans from George and two friends just \$1,200.00, on which I shall pay \$200.00 quarterly till all is paid up. I have paid about \$400.00 in debts, besides \$400.00 more for new things, and nearly \$200.00 in charity (10 per cent. a year) since I came (six

months). So that GHOST seems about to be laid.

“Then I shall look for a WIFE.”

His preaching for the year had been decidedly his best. “I have not always done my best,” he wrote to a classmate, “but sometimes I have excelled my poor fuddled self beyond the dreams of my most conceited, desirous moments.” A sermon on the Vision Splendid—a title suggested from Wordsworth—founded on Daniel’s prayer toward Jerusalem, especially moved the people.* His friend, Mr.

* The notes from which this sermon was preached will be of interest, as showing his method :

“*His windows being open . . . toward Jerusalem, Daniel kneeled upon his knees . . . and prayed, and gave thanks before his God.*”

—Daniel vi. 10.

Title: (words of the Poet Wordsworth) “The Vision Splendid.”

A. DESCRIBE DANIEL IN EXILE.
Tendency to forget . . .
Tendency to disloyalty.
Temptation to do in Babylon
as the Babylonians do.
To give in.
To lower the standards.
To cloud the vision.
To give up the greater things.

B. DESCRIBE DANIEL AS HE
WISHED TO BE IN HIS
OWN LAND.
“Jerusalem”: what that
meant to him.
As “Rome,” “Mecca,” etc.

C. DANIEL’S IDEAL.

Daniel had a *hidden life*,
which gave him firmness
in the right.

His vision of obedience and
service.

His dream of “Home”—as
the sailor.

D. THE WINDOW OPENED TO-
WARD JERUSALEM.

Envy him.
“Beyond the Alps lies Italy.”
“Over the mountain my loved
one dwells.”

The satisfaction of the “ap-
pointed task.”
Kingdom which cometh not
by observation.

The Vision of God.

E. OUR EXILE.

The coarse which brutalizes.
The common which wearies.
The practical which disen-
chants.

Nichols of Holy Trinity, probably has best described his New York preaching: "How full of material you are," he wrote after hearing a week-day address, "earnest truth lit up by illustration and quotation! And the simplicity with which you speak, the directness and sincerity comfort me, and bless us all."

In June he presided at the Alumni Dinner of

F. OUR JERUSALEM.

What our mind's eye sees.
What the distant scene is.
"The hills where his life rose,
And the sea where it goes."

G. St. Augustine.—"The life of man is the vision of the Lord."

Amiel.—"There is but one thing needful—to possess God."

Wordsworth.—"He beholds the light, and whence it flows,
He sees it in his joy; . . .
And by the *Vision splendid*
Is on his way attended."

H. THE PRESENCE AND POWER OF THE IDEAL.

The making life and keeping life worth living.
"Great Expectations."

The *real* thing.

Ideals [homiletical fortune to the man who will invent a term meaning same thing]:—

Impatient: Hard to sift them out from the cant and emotional rhetoric.

Not Commonplaces: Must seek new worlds when they become so, for an attained ideal is a misnomer—"A man's reach must exceed his grasp."

"We have fed our sea for a thousand years,
But she calls us still unfed.

Though there's never a wave
of all her waves
But marks our English
dead."

I. THE WINDOW CLOSED!

Lack of courage.
Lack of independent spirit.
Ashamed to stand alone.
Ashamed not to do the best.
Afraid by sin.
Afraid by hypocrisy.
Crowded by "cares."
Crowded by practical affairs.
Indifferent from forgetfulness.
Indifferent from lower standards.
Scared by failure.
Scared by personal weakness.

"No man can serve two masters."

J. THE WINDOW OPEN.

Never disowning the vision.
"What I aspired to be
And was not, comforts me."
Never faint-hearted.
Never a *spiritual* coward;
i.e. sorry you have seen the right and must live up to it. "So free we seem, so fettered fast we are."

☞ *Our Highest Hope* is that on which our window must always look.

K. Saved by Hope: "The star to which we hitch our wagon, hitches us."

the Theological School in Cambridge. Bishop Lawrence recalls as he sat beside him how bright and amusing he was all through the dinner, and all the men recall the spirit of his introductions to the speakers. It stirred the old friendship within him, and, when back in New York, the stress of parish life abated, he gave himself up to friendly letters for several days.

We are the citizens of the particular Jerusalem we dream of.

Like chameleons, we take the color and glory of the vision we rest on.

Open our window on what we will—it is a *magic window*; the choice is ours; we can open it on what we please. “*Magic carpet.*”

But our *what* we choose is what *makes or breaks us*.

Daniel was saved by his faith in his Jerusalem.

So are we.

L. AS A PRACTICAL ISSUE ALONE WE NEED :

I. *The Vision Splendid.*

Cf. Rome, Mecca, Jerusalem, Bewilder N. Y., the Heavenly Jerusalem.

1. Balances life.
2. Adjusts values.
3. Weighs varying claims.
4. Directs to the right alternative.
5. Keeps us from living for the moment only.
6. In wanderings and waywardness, in discouragement and un-success, in sickness and pain—it enables us to look up to see the good time coming, to be sure of the issue of the captivity.

II. *The Open Window.*

- i. This makes us one with many
—how?
One with the noblest of all ages.
One with the poets and prophets.
One with all the saints.
One in spiritual fellowship with the golden deeds.
- ii. It gives the fresh breeze from heaven (as in a chamber)—to all our work; *purifies* our thinking and speaking; makes fresh and vigorous and manly all our motives.

III. “*Jerusalem.*”

The Messianic kingdom.
The Utopia of Christ.
The Vision Splendid = The King and the Kingdom in all their beauty.

To save ourselves for that.
To keep pure and holy for that.
To live and work and strive for that.
To dream and pray and think of nothing but that.
This it is to be like Daniel—to have one's window open always toward Jerusalem.
To have one's heart and head and hand dedicated only to being obedient to the splendid vision of God.

"The industrial situation," he wrote to one, "stalks on, a fascinating monster, enchanting immortal souls who ought to know better. But I worry little—the Soul will survive, and all will bow before the Dreamer whose dreams *will* come true. We see what we will—out of the fulness of the heart the eye seeth. Love me, Ned, and don't let — forget me, because I love you both and never forget you."

To another friend he made up a letter with quotations from his "dear old Matthew Arnold." Then to the same friend he wrote a little later: "I cannot tell you the very deep thoughts and the pride and the yearning affection and the wave on wave of sympathy your letter gives birth to in me. Nearly ten years ago, lacking a few months, we came to know each other—though I had known you as a name earlier. I think how much each of us has learned, yes, and suffered and really dared since then. I remember the first letters that passed between us when I went to my first work in Springfield, how you let me talk to you, how I told out my ideals to you, how I insisted upon finding yours and proving them to you. Oh, the joy of all that! . . .

“Years of friendship, with never a cloud upon it, a friendship that has always *grown*, is to grow so much more. Oh, the things each of us has loved—social service, loving truth, brotherhood, a working, loving Church, the inner life of purity and consecration. How we have wanted to serve the Christ *who is*—the ‘pale Galilean,’ the human God, the ‘face like this face,’ the Son of God who has yet a war on hand and in whose train we strive so to follow! There is so much for all my sympathy to feed upon—similar ideals, similar ways of arriving at them, and I believe (though I boast in saying it for myself) similar sincerity. . . .

“The philosophy seems more true than ever, and sin seems more and more distant. To believe it all worthily, to live to it bravely is my prayer for you and for myself. ‘The Person of Christ’—that brings it all to the right quarter. Theology is still the Queen of Sciences. Christ is more and more the Life.”

A friend of one of his friends came to him one July Sunday and they lunched together. The man, almost a stranger, said afterward that, as Atkinson took his hand and looked into his face, he thought he had never before seen

love. The men were congenial companions at once, and over the table Atkinson told many of his deeper experiences for the last year. A woman, he said, came to him one day half crazed because a clergyman had failed to keep an appointment with her, and she allowed the injury to prey upon her mind till she was fast losing self-control. Atkinson saw the difficulty. Strenuous measures were needed." "I never did such a thing before," he said, "but I told her God was speaking through me; 'God wants you to stop thinking about this,' I said, 'God is speaking to you. You must stop.'" As the guest gazed into the eager eyes opposite him, he felt that he was in the presence of a prophet who was utterly sure of his commission.

Toward the end of July Atkinson prepared to leave New York for his two months' holiday. He was going to visit some Massachusetts friends for several weeks; then he had promised to spend five weeks in the Catskills with his Senior Warden. Every moment of the gay plan promised joy, both for him and for his friends.

"I am going," he wrote, "to take James's

wonderful new book, Harnack's 'What is Christianity?', a volume of Ritschl, some poetry and a little good prose to digest.

'My year has been a great step ahead for me, and I look forward to next year as never to any before. The honor and success I have received, so far beyond my expectations and merit, I hope to deserve more. You must remember me in every way—to visit me soon, to think of me, to pray for me once in a while.'

He said good-by to the New York friends who were at hand, saying buoyantly, "I have found my life work." They laughed and said, "You seem very sure of yourself." Then he laughed, too, like a boy: "Of course," he said, "I may get *fired*—but seriously I mean this to be my life work: you will find me at this church twenty years from now."

So he smiled and went away.

CHAPTER XIII

DEVERSORIUM VIATORIS HIEROSOLYMAM PROFICISCENTIS

ATKINSON reached Boston Tuesday, July 29, and after lunching with his brother Harry at Young's, went out to Manchester-by-the-Sea, where he had promised to spend a fortnight with his friends, Mr. and Mrs. Wilford Hoopes. Hoopes was an old chum of the Cambridge days, and all day Wednesday, during a drive in the morning and a walk in the afternoon, the two friends talked over the old congenial themes. Thursday was another happy day, spent in gay conversation with all the members of the pleasant household; Thursday evening they went to a boat-launching at Essex, but there was an accident, which put them in some danger, and the launching was postponed. "Let's come again," cried Atkinson, "and see it through." Friday, August 1, he went to Plymouth to

spend a day with Allen Rice, who was in charge of Camp Emmanuel, as usual. Going through Boston, he paused to call on an aged friend in his old parish who was ill. Reaching Plymouth at noon, he drove at once to the Boys' Camp. Atkinson gave the driver three dollars. "The fare is two dollars, Sir," said the man. "Oh, that's near enough," replied Atkinson. Then he went into the cottage, put his bag in Rice's room, ate the dinner set before him—for the boys had already eaten—and, immediately after, strolled over to the spot where the boys were playing ball. For an hour or more he watched the game. At four o'clock, while the game was still on, he called to Rice—who was still busy, of course—"I'm going for a row."

Boot Pond is named from its shape; its greatest length is about a mile, and in places it is eighty feet deep.

Half an hour after Atkinson had left the boys, two frightened girls came running down the shore calling out that a man had fallen from his boat. The camp is the last of several cottages along the shore, and no one had any notion who the man might be till the news reached

the ears of Allen Rice. All that the excited girls could tell was that they had seen the man out in the boat; his hat blew off; he tried to reach it; failing, he stood in the boat and poked for it with his oar; in his evident eagerness he leaned over too far, lost his balance and fell. The girls saw him rise twice, then first they understood that he must be drowning. What could they do? Nothing but run as fast as their feet could carry them to arouse the neighbors. But when the neighbors came, all was over: the boat had been blown ashore by the strong wind; Atkinson's coat, carefully folded, was lying on one of the seats; and the hat was floating on the water.

This was Friday afternoon, August 1, 1902. Though the labor was incessant, the body was not recovered till three o'clock Monday afternoon. Messages of the accident were sent at once; and the brothers came; and then Mr. Hoopes. The pond is five sandy miles from the town; there is no telephone or telegraph connection with it, and no one in the little colony had a conveyance of any sort. But every one, stranger though he had been, became a friend and helped. People who were strangers to

each other came from all directions: at some time their lives had touched Atkinson's, or they had heard of him, as "the man who was good to the poor." It was all a symbol of the romantic interest which people of all sorts took in him, and the world was suddenly poorer to hundreds who had perhaps scarcely spoken to him. The three days were crowded with heroic acts of effort and endurance.

Allen Rice wrote to an anxious friend a little after: "I was the first to see him dead. His face was calm and peaceful, not a trace of terror. I never left him until they carried him away forever. You know the rest." "It will not surprise you," wrote Hoopes, "that his countenance was absolutely calm and steady. There was not a trace of fright; neither was there, nor had there been before, the least trace of unrest. On the contrary, it was written as plainly as his friends knew he himself would have told, that, as he fell, he laughed to himself for his self-forgetful carelessness, then did his best with the problem that he had to face, and then quietly fell asleep."

Wednesday afternoon, in the old town where

he had played as a boy, they laid his body to rest beside the graves of the loved father and mother. Mr. Brooks and Mr. Parks said the simple service, and dear friends from Cambridge, Boston and New York carried the bier. It rained; but, as the last words were said, the summer sun burst forth in his might. It seemed as if a radiant voice had come with assurance:

. . . "At the last a Hand came through
The fire above my head, and drew
My soul to Christ, whom now I see."

Felix Reville Brunot

1820-1898

A CIVILIAN IN THE WAR FOR THE UNION
PRESIDENT OF THE FIRST BOARD
OF INDIAN COMMISSIONERS

By CHARLES LEWIS SLATTERY

With nine portraits and illustrations, of which three are in photogravure, and a map.

Crown octavo, pp. xii-304. \$2.00.

“It was worth while to write this story of a business man’s career, ‘to encourage the others’ in the best possible sense. He was a man of high character and great public spirit.”—*The Evening Post, New York.*

“Mr. Brunot’s service on the Board of Indian Commissioners was highly honorable, and Dean Slattery does not exaggerate its influence on Indian affairs.”—*Nation, New York.*

“The five years which he spent in working for the red men as the head of the Indian Commission made a permanent change for the better in the nation’s treatment of the Indians. . . . The story of his life as told by Dean Slattery is as interesting as it is inspiring. . . .”—*Chicago Tribune.*



